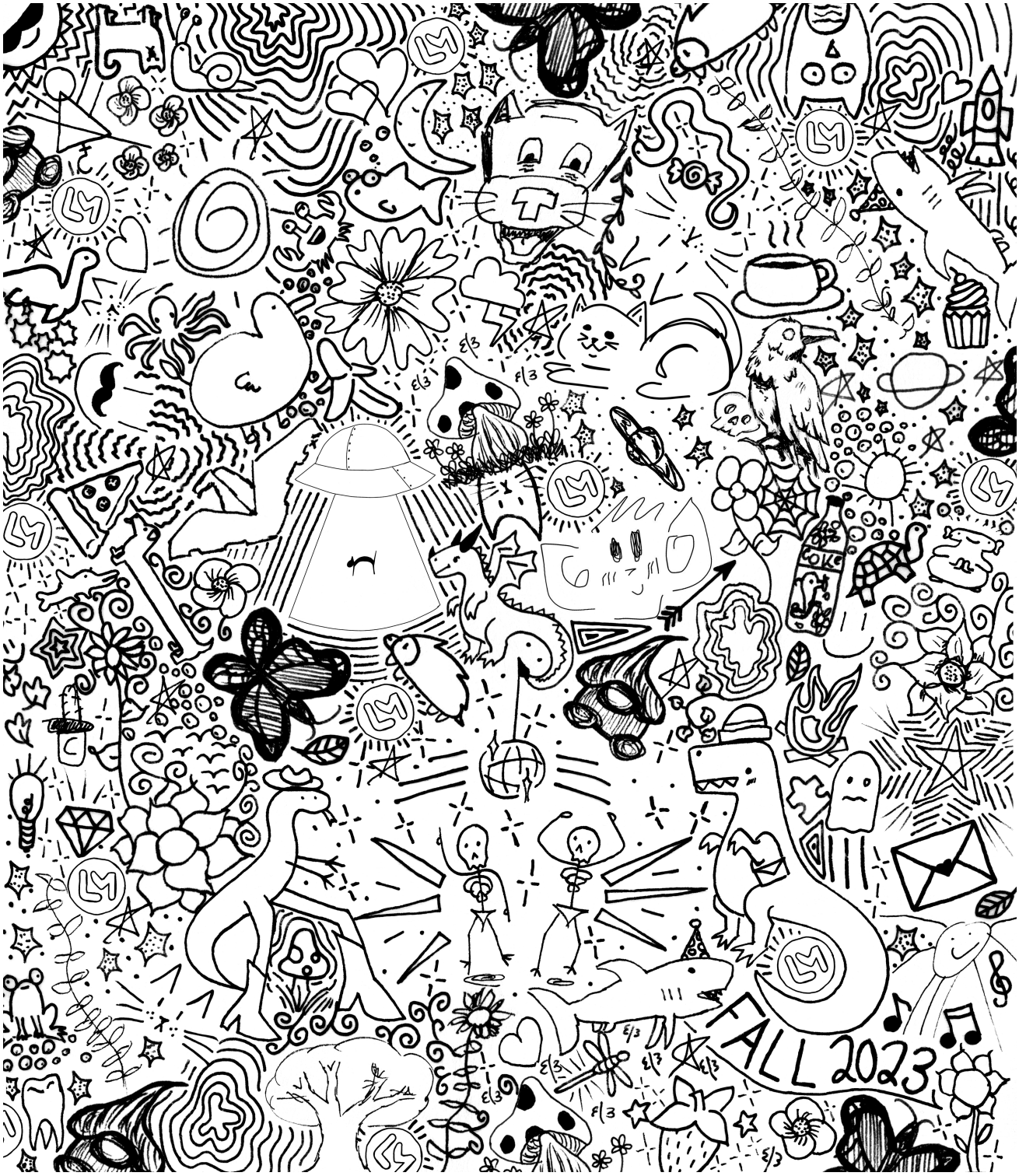

LOCOMAG PRESENTS

SUBLIME

dog days | welcome to flavortown | kant spell

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WHAT IS LOCO MAG?

Loco Mag is an independent, online magazine that aims to showcase the ideas and talents of young adults in the Philadelphia region. We focus on culture and lifestyle relevant to students, emerging creatives and new professionals and emphasize this perspective in our tone and content.

Loco Mag aims to cover a broad range of subjects, including the arts, off-campus events, entertainment, travel, and political news. Our main goal is to bring a publication to this campus that will not only work to connect student to one another, but with the world around us. We want to learn your stories and hear your opinions, whether that is through writing or photo-journalism -- we want to broadcast you.

Loco Mag is completely independent and we pride ourselves on showcasing our writer's honest, unfiltered voices. We are uncensored and open to hearing fresh perspectives.

Letter from the Editors

The word sublime refers to something that is so beautiful, and so great, that it inspires awe in those that look at it. Not to brag, but I would say that Loco Mag pretty much fits the bill.

Okay really though, Loco has never been a perfect polished thing. I don't think anyone ever wanted it to be. We strive to be our best. At the end of the day though, Loco Mag is just a handful of really cool people striving to make really cool things. Not because we're getting this grade or need to pass this test, but just because we like doing it. That's pretty sublime if you ask me.

This edition is special not only because it's our first as editor-in-chiefs, but also because there isn't a single staff member that didn't help put this together. From the illustrations to the cover, to our funny little doodles, every part was touched by someone at some point. More than ever before this print edition was truly a collaborative effort, and personally I think it's the best one yet.

So sit back, relax, and take in the view. We've got everything from Conrad's take on teenagers, to Allison's deep dive into Alex Russo, to countless upon countless food reviews. We even have special alumni content with Ryan's reflection on coffee and poetry, Belle's insight into house sitting and having a home, and even a special Loco Mag throwback article. There's truly something for everyone.

We hope that you find this edition positively awe-inspiring,

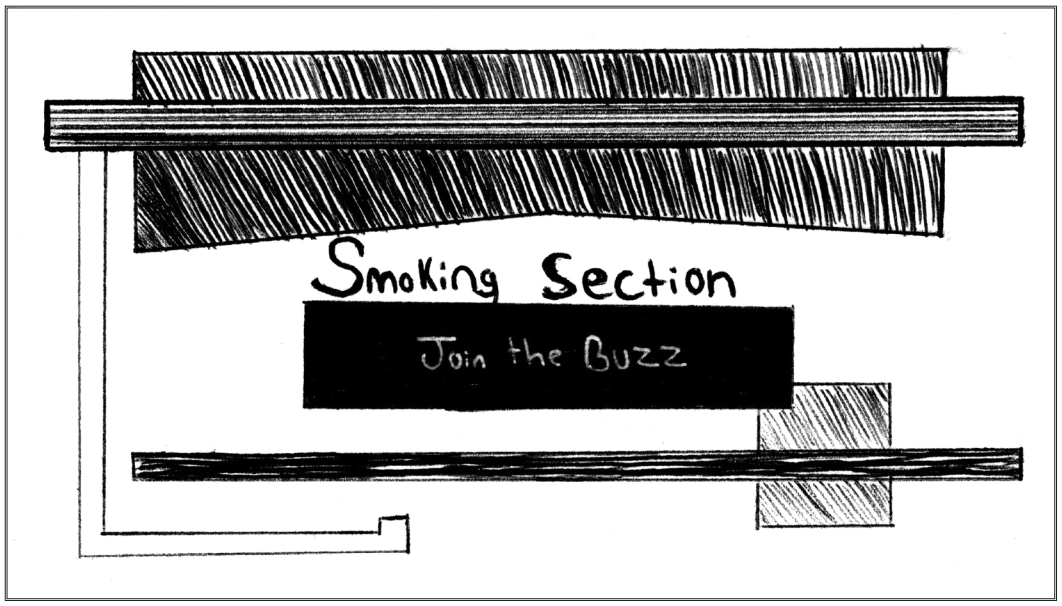
Jewel, Jake, and the Loco Staff

LocoMag would also like to say an extra special thanks to Dr. Michael Dwyer for his constant support and guidence in helping us run this magazine and create cool things like this.

Also thanks to Dakota, Sydney, Carly, and Anna for helping with the formatting and creation of this print magazine as part of Loco Mag's print edition committee. Image Credits: Staff illustrations drawn by Anna Stevens. Featured images drawn by Sydney Howse and Carly Maloney. Doodles contributed by staff and alumni.

Teenagers in their 20s

By Conrad Schmidt



The older I get the older I feel. Upon entering my 20s, I noticed most of my peers were sad about entering their new decade, as it signified the death of the teenage dream and the genesis of adulthood. Their woes are almost comical in retrospect, as most of them still lived with their parents, and hated their middle and high school years, leaving little to be desired from their teen years. If you're 19 years old and worried about impending adulthood, fear not. While every college student might feel like an adult, just remember so does every small child with a lemonade stand. Doing adult things does not make you an adult, and although you're free to try, acting like a child works the same way.

A chronic contrarian, I was elated to enter my 20s and leave behind an era that is only a good experience on paper. Teenagers have the unenviable task of navigating the world with no driver's license, no right to intoxication, and little to no prefrontal cortex, yet those years are unanimously considered "the best years of your life." A good year is not one in which I do geometry for even one minute, so at least a few of my teen years are out of the running for the title. I felt like leaving behind my endless teenage years was entering the best time of my life.

Considering how long it felt to go through my teen years, the first few months of my 20s were already better than the first several decades of my teen years. My teen years were the standard-issue, self-absorbed melodrama that has become the true rite of passage for the American teenager. I wasn't captain of the football team and dating a cheerleader, and I certainly didn't make a group of eclectic and life-changing friends in detention. Like most things in life, teenhood is boring, and a huge let down when compared to the movies.

No longer do teenagers go to the dance with their sweetheart or just wait for school to end so mall shopping can begin. Sure, teenagers as a group are as frivolous as ever, in fact teenagers are the most frivolous investment a parent can make, but the romance of the teen experience is over. Teen years are forever romanticized and rarely live up to expectations. If you think you lived the ideal teenage experience, you might be content but you're certainly a minority.

Since Romeo and Juliet, culture is forever obsessed with adolescence and teen emotions, an example of adults shamelessly pining for the carefree life of a teenager. As if being 16 is really all that interesting. A 16-year-old has only lived enough years to start forming interesting

anecdotes, which is a far-cry from interesting conversation. Ask them to form an actual story, and after your 5th minute of dissociation you'll know what I mean. We depict teenagers as being carefree and unlimited, even though most teenagers spend their time waiting for carefree fun to begin (or to turn 20, whichever comes first). Although our obsession with youth being "fun" is disappointing while enduring teenhood, it has an even more dreadful effect on adults.

Looking at the never-improving, always-nightmarish landscape of TikTok, there is no shortage of age regression that goes on among adults of all ages. Whether they're telling each other about which TV shows to watch, what music to listen to, how to dress, or which slang to use, adults on social media are dogs without horses, bringing out the worst in each other and encouraging an unhealthy nostalgia for youth. Unless you are currently sixteen to twenty-four, you are not like Maddy from Euphoria, you are like Amy Poehler in Mean Girls. Constantly arguing about what's cool and what's cringe, teenage adults can typically be found in the battle for fleeting youth. Even the endless cultural bullying that goes on between Gen Z and Millennials is like watching the two youngest siblings argue over the last piece of Halloween candy, with both generations ridiculing the other to fight for the scraps of youth. I say this having participated in the brawl many times, and I'm still fighting for that candy.

It seems like a trap that no one can avoid, with nostalgia and reminiscence staining adulthood with all the worst parts of childhood. No teenager has ever lived out the teenage dream, and just like most dreams it's a fantasy filled with nonsense, best forgotten within an hour of dreaming it.

If you think adults like being adults, you are almost definitely a teenager. If you think teenagers like being teenagers, I suggest you read up on Stockholm Syndrome. Teenagers make the best of a bad situation; while the turbulence of adolescence is necessary for developing minds, it's a phase I'd rather leave in the past. Every day of high school I had to wake up at 6:00 in the morning to be up-to-the-minute on time for school. As an adult, 6:00 is a time that I only see on my way to a red-eye or hear in the stories of my pain-gluttonous friends that choose early classes. I can assure you that 6 a.m. makes a better bedtime than morning alarm, and for that reason alone, I'm happy to be in my 20s.

There's no reason for this age regression other than fear of aging, which itself is a fear of dying. If you are an emotional man in his late 20s, you should not be relating to young female pop stars. This is one of the hallmarks of age-fearing men. You are not "just like" Olivia Rodrigo, you are "just like" Madeline Ashton. That being said, just because you're older than 19 does not make you Methuselah, it makes you part of the majority. If even 19-year-olds are afraid of aging, we've somehow gone awry. Thirteen to nineteen is the age where every person is at their worst, both in mental health and in conversation. Being in your 20s has its turbulence, but at least you can cope with it legally.

If you're a teenager looking to grow up too soon, just remember the sagely advice from 1988's Heathers, "When teenagers complain about not being treated like adults, it's because they are being treated like adults." Enjoy these years for what they're worth, but know that leaving them behind is the right thing to do. As for those adults looking to act like children to chase their fleeting teenage years: it's okay to reminisce on the past, just avoid reminiscing on ages that start with 1.

• • •

The Smoking Section is where I observe the world at large, and put a magnifying glass on a subject we all hold dear to our hearts. As a member of Gen Z, I think it's important that we take a step back and remember that life is not that serious, and no topic is too good to ridicule. In the Smoking Section, we take a step outside of the party for a breath of less-fresh air. Here if you don't have anything nice to say, pull up a chair next to me.

This article was originally published online in Fall 2023 as part of the Loco Mag column "Smoking Section".

Welcome to (Un)Flavortown

By Natalie Tursi

The world as it appears is emerging on a multitude of crises. Diseases are rapidly spreading, the ice in the Arctic is melting, and to top it all off, we may be experiencing a worldwide food shortage in the next few years due to the impacts of climate change. If things don't change for the better soon, it could be detrimental.

Previous Research Studies: What Are We Facing Now?

2007 research from Environmental Research Letters found that only about 30% of year-to-year fluctuations in crops were due to the constant changes in the global climate. The research emphasizes that in these conditions, we as a human community are incredibly lucky that the global agricultural system has managed to remain fairly intact, and that major food shortages so far have been rare.

That research was from sixteen years ago. So, what changes are arising in 2023 regarding global warming's dreadful impact on our food industry? According to *World Economic Forum*, food prices have become increasingly volatile, and are rapidly becoming more and more expensive as a result of trying to sustain agriculture in a declining environment. This will eventually cause pressure on underdeveloped countries and the impoverished. Taxes will fall higher on food items, food shortages will arise quickly, and trade systems may be paused due to the lack of crops we are able to sustain and sell. *World Economic Forum* explains that while crop growth per hectare has grown considerably over the last 50 years, the rate of this growth has significantly declined over the last decade. Up to 30% of European agriculture's expected increase in growth has already been canceled out due to the adverse changes in climate.

Destruction of Soil and Land

The most pronounced changes in the food industry seem to be happening in sub-Saharan Africa which is at very high risk for climate change impacts on food safety, availability, and affordability. Studies show these changes are prominent in the growing of rice crops, barley, maize, millet, pulses, and wheat. The countries most at risk for food shortages, like sub-Saharan Africa, are also those that are most negatively impacted by the rising climates and weather

changes. According to the latest of *The Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC)* reports, the higher the average global temperatures and more extreme weather conditions associated with climate change will undoubtedly reduce the reliability of food. The IPCC also regards the damaging of soil and degradation of land – the rising heat and rainfall that come with climate change are devastating crop lands, thus making the soil less productive. This makes it near impossible to grow any crops; the soil lacks severely in nutrients and organic matter, negatively affecting crop yields. In addition to this, climate change has pushed forward rising levels in seawater as the ice melts away, which will invite saltwater intrusions and permanently damage crops and flood the lands.

"Now that their access to these resources is limited, more and more people are being forced out of their homes and onto the streets."

Skyrocketing Crop Expenses Increases Poverty

A *TIME Magazine* article from 2022 cites that the inflation on food prices is causing low-income areas to force their families into poverty without food. According to the article, as of July 12, 2022, 19 countries around the world have implemented exported trade restrictions on their agricultural goods in an effort to keep their people from going hungry. Because of the shortage of food, wheat prices went up 42%; Maize prices went up 47%, and most countries are experiencing inflation rates of about 5%. According to the World Bank, "about 80% of the global population are most at risk from crop failures and climate change in sub-Saharan Africa, Asia, and Southeast Asia, where farming families are disproportionately poor and vulnerable."

71.5 million people have been pushed into poverty in sub-Sarah Africa, Balkans, and the Caspian Basin. These are places that, again, have become unable (or were previously unable) to grow their own agriculture, and relied heavily on human rations and trade exports. Now that their access to these resources is limited, more and more people are being forced out of their homes and onto the streets. David Laborde, senior research fellow at Washington-based International Food Policy Research Institute (IFPRI) says, "We have strong evidence that it's linked to climate change and global warming."

Restricted Use of Water and The Impact on Agriculture

For regions around the world that are already restricted on water, climate change is going to cause an increase in inauspicious impacts on the production of agriculture. Global climate change is causing a halt in agricultural growth through things like diminishing water supply, increases in heat stress, pests and diseases, and dangerous weather events like floods and severe storms.

The World Bank stresses that at a certain point of warming – in particular, above a raise of 2 degrees Celsius, the land becomes severely more disagreeable to adapt to, thus creating a lack of crops, making each crop grown more expensive. Countries around the world that already house extremely high temperatures, for example, the Sahel Belt of Africa or South Asia, are going to take on more instantaneous, negative effects on their crops that are less tolerant to the rising heat.

Key Strategies and Solutions

Despite all this, there is a way for agriculture to become adaptable to climate change. The World Bank says that it is possible to reduce emissions and become more resilient, but to do this, we need to harbor a major social, technological, and economic change. The World Bank gives us a few key strategies to do so:

The first key step is to switch agriculture to less thirsty crops. Rice requires a lot of water to grow and therefore makes its sustainability in such conditions we are facing scarce; instead of rice, farmers can grow maize, or legumes. Less thirsty growth helps to reduce methane emissions; however, cultures that have been growing rice for years may be less likely to switch their crops. So, The World Bank offers another idea.

Using water more efficiently combined with policies placed to manage demand. The World Bank's research shows that building more irrigation infrastructure is not a solid solution, as future water supply may become inadequate to supply the systems. So, instead, they offer that we better manage our water demand and use advanced systems and technology to determine the amount of available water. These systems would include soil moisture detectors and satellite evapotranspiration measurements; these can implement strategies, like alternate moisture instead of wasting water, and drying off rice paddies, which will save access water and reduce methane emissions simultaneously.

"To restore lost carbon, farmers can avoid tilling the soil and instead using cover crops with large roots in their crop rotation cycle..."

The last key step is to improve soil health. This is the most important step; in order to keep the soil healthy and less likely to become damaged, we need to increase its organic carbon. This allows the soil to better retain water, decreasing likelihood to endure drought, and it will also make access to water more readily available for growing plants. Increasing organic carbon in soil will also provide extra nutrients without the use of unneeded chemical fertilizer, which results in a huge amount of emissions being released. To restore lost carbon, farmers can avoid tilling the soil and instead using cover crops with large roots in their crop rotation cycle rather than leaving the crop fields empty and at risk. Nature-based solutions like these are able to deliver 37% of climate change mitigation necessary to fix some things up in the food industry. However, it won't be easy. Farmers are unfortunately not going to change their routine so easily, and it will take plenty of time, training, and awareness.

The Next Steps

In response to the rapidly increasing crises in the food industry due to climate change, the World Bank has proposed a 5 year plan, starting in 2021 and marking its end for 2025, to step up support for "Climate-Smart Agriculture" across the food value chains through policy and technological interventions. The point of these is to enhance productivity, improve resilience, and reduce GHG emissions from releasing. The World Bank's ultimate goal is to help countries around the world tackle food loss and shortages as well as poverty, waste, and managing their flood and drought risks. The bank supports a project in Niger, which aims to benefit 500,000 farmers in 44 communes through the Bank's distribution of improved, drought-tolerant seeds, expanded use of woodland for conserving agricultural techniques, and more efficient irrigation. The Bank's project has helped as of October 17, 2022, 336,518 farmers sustain their land and has brought up 79,938 hectares of more sustainable farming practices

If enough farmers adapt to these solutions, we may be able to prevent a far worse food crisis from occurring. These tactics may also be key steps in reducing the impacts of climate change. There is hope for our world to return to its original state, but we need to start here, and we need to start fast.

This article was originally published online in the Fall 2023 issue titled Welcome to Flavortown.

Sibling Talk

By Sandro Borgia

My entire life my little brother and I have always been corrected on our grammar from my mommom. We would be having a random conversation and we use a word like “ain’t” then next thing you know my mommom starts correcting us. Throughout my entire life my mommom has always been correcting the way I talked because she always believed that I wasn’t talking properly. In this podcast my little brother and I share many stories that we remember of our grandmother correcting us. The stories are hilarious because there are so many unexpected things that my mommom would say that you wouldn’t expect.

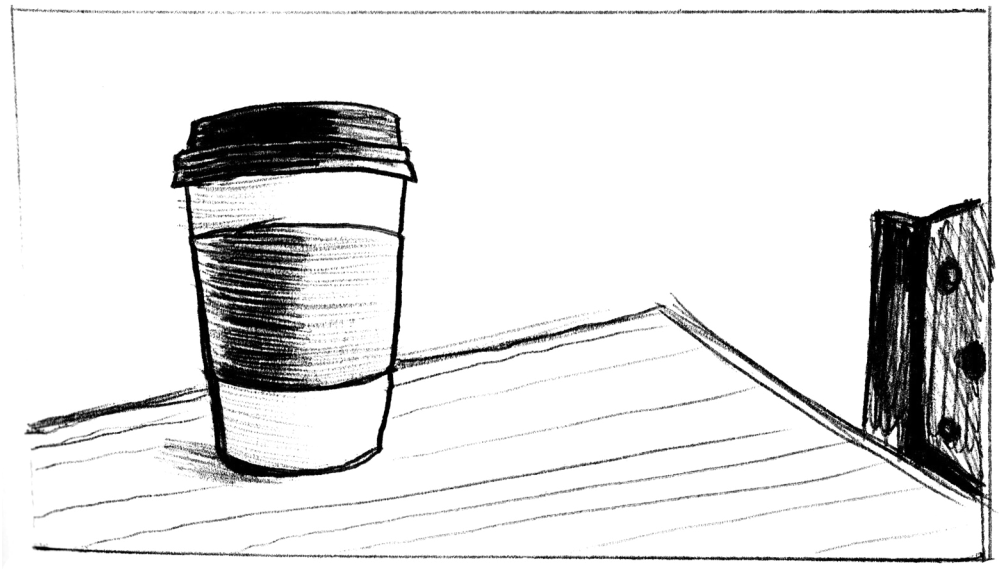
It wasn’t even just my mommom that played a big role in the way I talk. Ever since I was young I had to help my nonna learn to speak english. She speaks broken English due to the fact that she moved to America from Italy back in the 60s. To this day she is still learning how to speak English fluently but it is harder than it seems especially when your entire life you had to basically learn a new language on your own. The best part is when Nonna just switches from English to Italian mid sentence because of the fact she doesn’t know how to pronounce a specific word. My nonna is one of the hardest working people I’ve ever met and even now at the young age of 74 she is still trying her best to learn how to speak English.

In today’s world there are so many different ways people talk depending on the area they were raised in. My little brother and I have been living in South Philly our entire lives. You can say we sound different to others when it comes to the way we talk. Growing up I never really had anyone say much to me about how I talk, but ever since I started college I have had tons of people make a comment on how I sound. It doesn’t bother me but it is new to me because no one really mentioned anything about the way I talk. My little brother told me he has had people make comments on the way he talks too. To hear more of these stories from my brother and I, go check out my new podcast!!!!

Listen to “Sibling Talk” here!

An Acquired Taste

By Ryan Hiemenz



Matthew Dickman wrote a poem called "Coffee" for his 2008 collection, *All-American Poem*. The poem, like its title suggests, explores the production of coffee and all the work it takes to get those coffee beans into our paper cups. The same paper cups that we discard soon after. However, the poem does not only talk about coffee. Through the lens of America's favorite beverage comes a compelling commentary on our society, existence, life and death, and perhaps most of all, grief.

At the same time in 2008, when I was in second grade, I watched my dad drink coffee. He would say he *needed* his coffee every morning, and would shell out whatever amount of money was necessary to get some. While I sipped on my Hawaiian Punch, I thought he was delusional, and after nearly throwing up the first time he let me try some, it only solidified that thought.

He'd fill up a travel mug to take on the road before setting off for the day, leaving me in the kitchen with my Eggo pancakes. An hour or so later, my mom would drop me off at school which kicked off what was, at the time, the worst use of six hours imaginable.
In our second grade poetry unit, we wrote acrostics and haiku. The teacher gave us lists upon lists of rules and regulations for how our seven and eight year old hands could write those infamous three lines. Each year, they'd add something new to the mix, like end rhymes and similes. I think about it a lot, and yet I hated every moment. By my senior year of high school I thought haiku and sonnets were the only acceptable poems, and that each had rigid sets of rules to follow in order to do it "correctly." Therefore, I was not a fan of poetry.

I was wrong. About everything.

Not long after I started college, I began to change my mind about both coffee and poetry. The weight of the world got heavier as I got older. I felt hopeless and useless most of the time, and I was in a perpetual state of mental turmoil. I went to bed tired, woke up tired, went to school tired, and went home tired. Nothing fixed it. I tried all of the energy drinks (they all sucked), tried sodas and juices to no avail, and eventually found myself back at square one. Coffee.

In the beginning, I would get coffee with all kinds of flavors, sugars, and creams, just to make drinking it easier. What surprised me, though, was how it felt. The heat coming through the mug and onto my hands alongside the warmth I felt in my stomach after each sip was a comfort I hadn't felt before. Coffee was a much needed hug for my

mind. The anxieties of the morning, the weight of the day ahead, all felt manageable. It all finally made sense. Why my dad needed it, why it was so influential. It all clicked. Was coffee a cure all? No, not even close. But it helped me feel okay for a few minutes in the morning, and that's better than nothing.

At the same time, I had been working with an English professor who often shared pieces of poetry with me. However, this was not the same poetry that I learned about. These poems had no rhymes, no structure, and they were often much longer than three lines. He introduced me to pieces like John Ashbery's "This Room," that says so much in such a short amount of time, or Ocean Vuong's "Ode to Masturbation," which employs erratic line breaks and form to expand upon the story being told in the lines themselves.

I've continued to drink coffee and read poetry, and I never really thought about combining the two until that same professor sent me Matthew Dickman's "Coffee." This poem reshaped all my thoughts about poetry, life, loss, and even the simple act of drinking a cup of coffee. See, the poem might be about coffee on its surface, and below that there's a very poignant commentary on consumerism, but at it's core the poem is about the suicide of Dickman's brother, Darin.

The poem carefully places subtle pieces of context into lines spent reflecting on a Frank O'Hara-esque walk around the city. It bounces gracefully from idea to idea, from thought to observation to description, all while providing complex layers of emotions culminating in the chilling, yet beautiful finale to the poem. Dickman writes,

Once, I had a brother
who used to sit and drink his coffee black, smoke
his cigarettes and be quiet for a moment
before his brain turned its Armadas against him,
wanting to burn down
his cities and villages, before grief
became his capital with its one loyal flag and his face,
perhaps only his beautiful left eye, shimmered on
the surface of his Americano
like a dark star.

While separate, poetry and coffee represent small indulgences in our lives. When combined, however, they mark a moment in which Dickman can share and understand his grief. In an interview with The Guardian, he states, "The only way I could really talk about his suicide was in a poem," despite the poems not coming for a long time after Darin's death. He explains that neither himself nor his brother Michael "are poets who believe you experience something and you immediately need to write about it, or it needs to be a poem at all." In time though, the words came, and eventually so too did the healing.

Poetry can be many things, it changes its size and shape to fit in wherever it's needed, and it is needed. Coffee can do the same. They could be something that warms the mind in the morning, or they could be a reminder of a lost loved one. They could be a bitter liquid in a paper cup that's left next to a park bench, or they could be shared after a long day of work in a gesture of love. They could be enjoyed alone, or they could contribute to a bond shared between father and son. Poetry and coffee both have general definitions and understandings, yet they can and will always be so much more to those who open up to them.

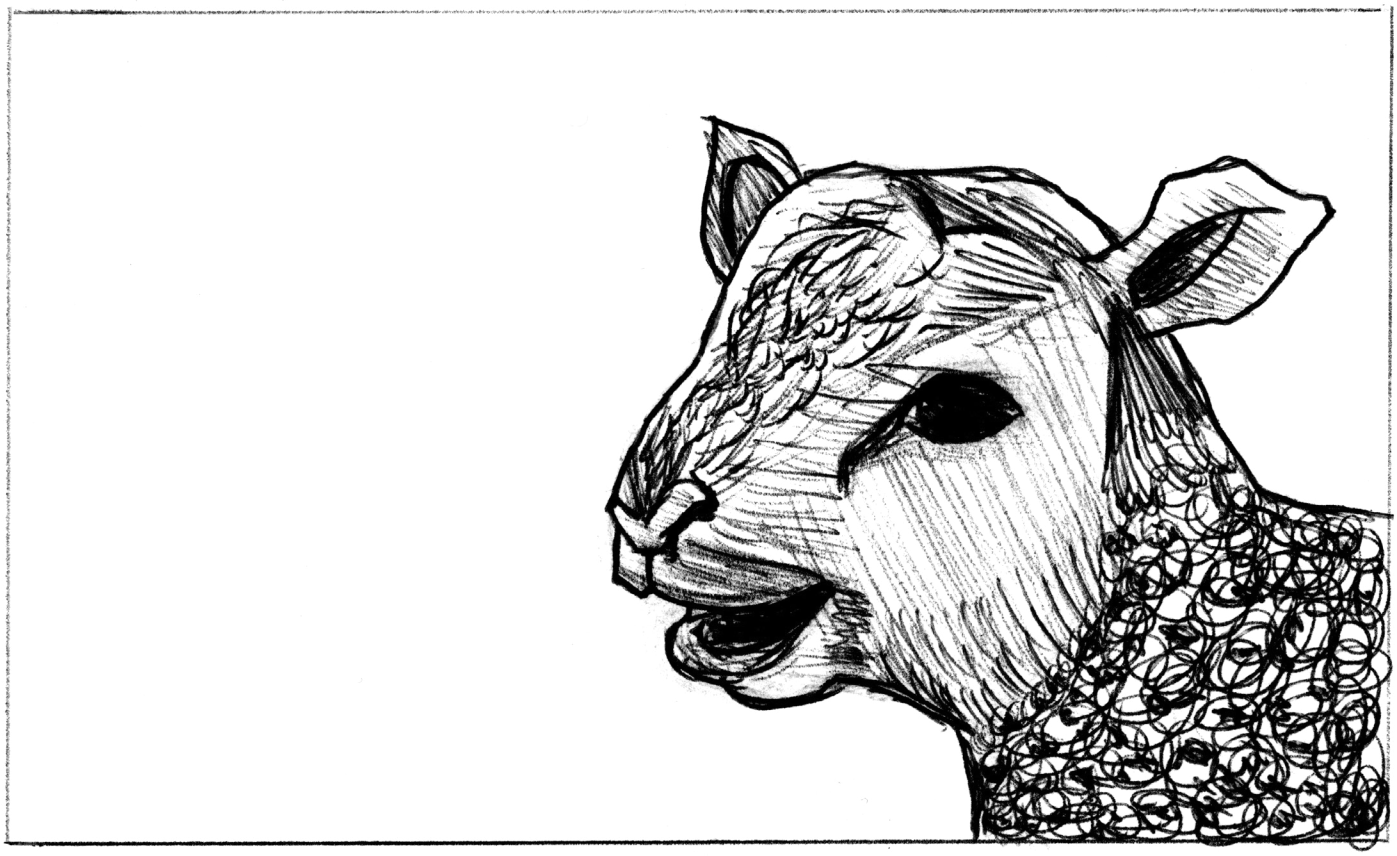
Fortunately, I discovered the comfort that lies within both coffee and poetry. My life hasn't completely changed and my depression isn't "solved" because of it, but I'd be lying if I told you it didn't help. I've heard that coffee has an acquired taste, that as you grow older your taste buds won't care as much and you can finally drink coffee without wincing. I'd argue it's something more though, something that as you grow older it's harder to find. It's not always about the flavor, it's about the moments of solace it can provide.

Featured image credited to Kelly Sikkema via Unsplash.

This article was originally published online in the Fall 2023 issue titled Welcome to Flavortown.

Are You Scared Yet, Clarice? No I'm Not Ya Flithy Cannibal!

By Aleishka Ruiz



So with the fall/harvest season in full swing, I was recently playing a game of halloween themed trivia and one of the answers to a question under the horror movie classics category was *The Silence of the Lambs*. I got the question right, but was confused as to what would make someone classify this movie as a horror film when it's listed as thriller. It actually made me think back to another instance that occurred in highschool. My film teacher had his second year film students watching *The Silence of the Lambs* and I was in the room on my free period working on a project. I asked him what the movie genre his students were covering as we would watch a series of movies of a specific genre for a unit in that class. He said horror movies, and again I was confused. So I want to attempt to dissect what it is that makes people classify this classic thriller movie as a horror movie.

Alright with context as to why out of the way, I probably have to give a synopsis of the movie. On top of that I'll add a disclaimer for anyone, who for whatever reasons, hasn't seen the movie, I am going to have to spoil major plot points that occur in the film to explain where it likely got this horror connotation from.

Synopsis:

The Silence of the Lambs follows a recently graduated FBI trainee named Clarice Starling (Jodie Foster) who is trying to put behind her West Virginia roots. She's assigned to question Dr. Hanibal Lector (Anthony Hopkins) about a series of murders by an old protege of his Buffalo Bill (Ted Levine). Ultimately things start to turn dire with this case as Bill takes another Victim Named Catherine Martin (Brooke Smith) the Daughter of Senator Ruth Martin.

That is the general story without going into too much depth. From that alone I don't really get the vibes of a horror film. Then again maybe I'm biased as I don't really care to watch horror films.

"I think a therapist and medical professionals could have given you a better, less murdery means of that my friend..."

So with the synopsis I just gave and other ones I've read online, I'm not entirely convinced that this film could be mistaken for horror at first glance. But, then I remembered, oh yeah the main bad guy's motivation for kidnapping and killing these women, which I left out of my synopsis, is to starve them in a hole to loosen their skin so that he could skin them to make a skin suit so that he could be a woman. Yeah…. I think a therapist and medical professionals could have given you a better, less murdery means of that my friend; then again this movie is from the 90s so getting any gender affirming care is probably just as difficult as winning the lottery. (Oh I also forgot to mention these women are also outright said to be slightly plus sized, more so around the hips). No joke, this is literally part of the storyline explanation on IMDB when you look up this movie.

So now we have the reason why this movie is possibly regarded as being a horror movie, but I'm still not convinced. I'm not saying that because I can say I wasn't scared. I'm saying that because I was on the edge of my seat, not knowing what was going to happen next. Because at one point the guy that the FBI brought in to try and find Catherine and Clarice are both rushing to the location they think shes at and deep down you know Clarice has it right but there is still a part of you that's saying if she is right she's doing it alone and if she isn't the other guy is going to take credit for all of Clarice's efforts to find Bill and Catherine. That is not the response someone who is scared has.

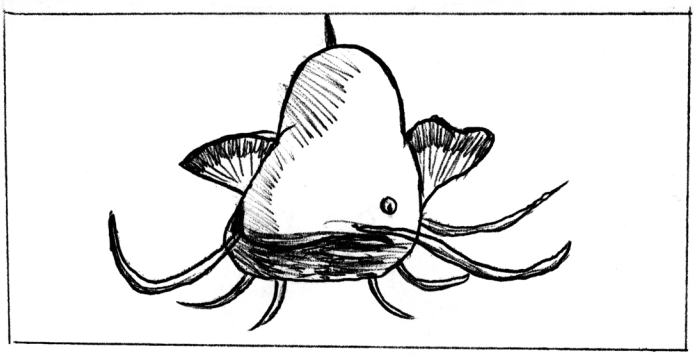
Ultimately I feel like they are the only other thing that probably causes this mistake in genres, likely due to our tendency to lump thriller and horror together. See thriller movies are often filled with moments that are very suspenseful. Guess what horror movies also have a lot of? If you guessed suspenseful scenes, congrats; cookie for you. See *The Silence of the Lambs* has quite a few scenes that draw out the eventual pay off. From Clarice taking down Buffalo Bill, to Lector's grand escape. These scenes last for quite a while before that final payoff. I think that this may have aided in people thinking the film is horror. I think the dread that builds up during these scenes over time accidentally makes people forget that the movie is a thriller and not a horror.

But hey, that's just me, probably pulling at strings and there is probably some other reason why people think that the movie is a horror film and to be honest, I don't think I care all that much about what genre people think the film is. At the end of the day it's a good film. So after reading this I have to ask dear reader, "have the lambs stopped screaming?"

This article was orginally published online in the Fall 2023 issue Kan't Spell.

Why We Should Be Having Catfish Sex

By Allora Lee



Don't be disturbed by the title— I promise this isn't about beastiality. And if you want to hear about weird, kinky fish sex, watch "The Shape of Water." (You didn't hear that from me.) Catfish spawning is—literally—a wild thing to explore because there are a few ways we can relate to it. Or we can try.

Let me set the scene: It's a warm summer day, about 75-80 degrees. The water is warm, relaxing, and calm. A female catfish, let's call her Karen, who's still young enough to get her kicks, decides to go out. It's an average afternoon, you know. Maybe she meets up with a few friends from around the block. They have a good evening and grab some dinner— organic escargot.

The evening transcends into Karen and her friends going out out. There is this new place in the river called "The Net." All of the hottest fish end up there at night, so the girls decide to try it out.

Karen is having a good time. Her friends are on the swim floor busting moves, but she has her eye on a particularly good-looking specimen. Large whiskers, tough, mucus-covered body, and muscular fins move toward her. Their eyes lock, and Karen blows a bubble to signal her appreciation for his approach. It's lust at first sight.

Karen's friends give her a wink, and the next thing we know, Bill— as Karen found out through a very flirty conversation— is whisking her away somewhere down the channel.

They find a nice spot between two sunken logs and decide to get on with it. Karen lays her eggs, about 15,000 of them, and Bill covers them with sperm. The two make sure they are covered and protected, but Bill isn't out of the woods yet. Unlike most fish, he stays to guard the eggs for about ten days.

Finally, Karen and Bill welcome hundreds of fry (babies) into the river. Bill guards them for another week until they're old enough to be on their own.

So why should we have catfish sex? Well firstly, female catfish will not even think about getting it on unless they are perfectly comfortable. The water must be perfect temperature, the river must be calm, and the month must be right. Secondly, as we saw with Bill and Karen, they pick a secluded, private spot to share their intimacy. (Not trying to kink shame you exhibitionists…) And lastly, even with all of the babies they have, no matter how hard it gets, Bill stays to make sure Karen and the kids are fine. It's inspiring.

The moral of Bill and Karen's story is this: ladies, you deserve perfection. Don't have sex unless you're comfortable, pick a good one, and for the love of god, make sure he takes responsibility.

This article was originally published online in the Spring 2018 issue titled Sex, Lies and Catfish.

Changing Seasons, Changing Tastes

By Jake Horan

"My favorite thing I did this summer was…"

That's probably not a great way to start off this article, but alas I am here to talk about one of the best and most memorable parts of my summer. Typically, I'm not a huge concert person. Unless it's an artist I really idolize, I would rather save my money for spontaneous trips to Broadway to see *Moulin Rouge* for the umpteenth time. That coupled with the fact that many of my favorite artists are either dead or disbanded is the reason that I've only seen The Killers and Dave Matthews Band on my own volition. That was until recently, when my music taste expanded in an unexpected direction.

I've been a fan of 90s music since I first listened to Alanis Morissette's *Jagged Little Pill* in 10th grade. Since then, artists like Nirvana, Smasing Pumpkins, and Dave Matthews Band have all worked their way into my regular rotation. I tended to stick to groups with a more rock-oriented sound, but eventually I began to feel boxed in by the music I had so carefully curated. I needed to shake things up, and who better to do that than the Spotify DJ. During one of my first listening sessions with this AI-generated marvel, Tori Amos popped up in rotation. As an artist I had only ever heard about in passing, I assumed her sound was similar to that of Fiona Apple, however I quickly discovered Tori's unique voice and quirky (and sometimes downright weird) lyricism. Something about it touched me deeply. The honesty in her voice, the messages about the internal struggles we all face in life beautifully packaged in a way that just inspires catharsis.

Side note, I've found that something I look for most in music is an aspect of catharsis, something that relates to what I'm feeling at any given moment and validates it, allowing me to express and process my emotions.

I was quick to listen through much of Tori's early discography, when I stumbled upon another "off the beaten path" artist of the 90's: Natalie Merchant. Originally in the band 10,000 Maniacs, Natalie became a solo artist in the mid-'90s with the philosophy of making music how and when she wanted. With a folksy writing style and an iconic, powerhouse voice she too quickly permeated my listening rotation.

Sometime in mid-May, while browsing Spotify, I came to find out that Alanis Morissette, Natalie Merchant, and Tori Amos all had concerts scheduled within a week of each other. Two shows in Newark and another in New York City. Needless to say I booked tickets to all three shows, bringing

my parents with me since they are also big fans. Three nights I didn't get home until the wee hours. Three unforgettable experiences. Tears when Alanis came onstage, chills with every word Natalie sang, and absolute mesmerization with Tori. Each performance was an out of body experience. To me it was almost unthinkable that I would see any of my idols, the people I turn to when I'm having a hard day, or when I'm feeling bad about myself, mere feet from my own eyes. Hearing their voices ringing out within the same walls I was. By the end of my "week of concerts" I was exhausted, but left with memories and with music. Which is why I wanted to share my favorite album from each of the artists I saw this summer. Some of you might not know who these artists are or maybe have never taken the time to listen to them, but I strongly urge you to try them out. You might just find something you like!

Alanis Morissette – *Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie*

As crazy as it might sound, *Jagged Little Pill* actually isn't my favorite of Alanis' albums. While it is a masterclass in songwriting and self-expression, *Jagged Little Pill*'s successor, 1998's *Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie* just hits different to me. With brutally honest lyrics that turn introspective as opposed to *JLP*'s societal themes, this album deals with issues including religious cults, abusive relationships, therapy, past relationships, and the general theme of what it means to be good in the world. The songs on this album just sound like they were written from a place of deeper self-understanding and acceptance. Alanis' sound doesn't change a whole lot. While some electric guitars were traded in for more acoustic and orchestral alternatives, there are still plenty of places on the 17-track album to headbang a little bit.

Natalie Merchant – *Ophelia*

Natalie's second solo album takes on a significantly more jazzy style than *Tigerlily*, her solo debut, and anything she did with 10,000 Maniacs. With this album it was her mission to write songs that could be universally relatable, without so much of an emphasis on the individual. This makes songs like "Life Is Sweet," "Kind and Generous," and "Break Your Heart" stand out as testaments to gratitude, heartbreak, and the nature of life. Something about the dark and nuanced sound of this album just allows me to hang onto Natalie's every word, leaving me pondering the lyrics while deeply enjoying the melodies of songs about appreciating life for what it is at any given moment.

Tori Amos – *Little Earthquakes*

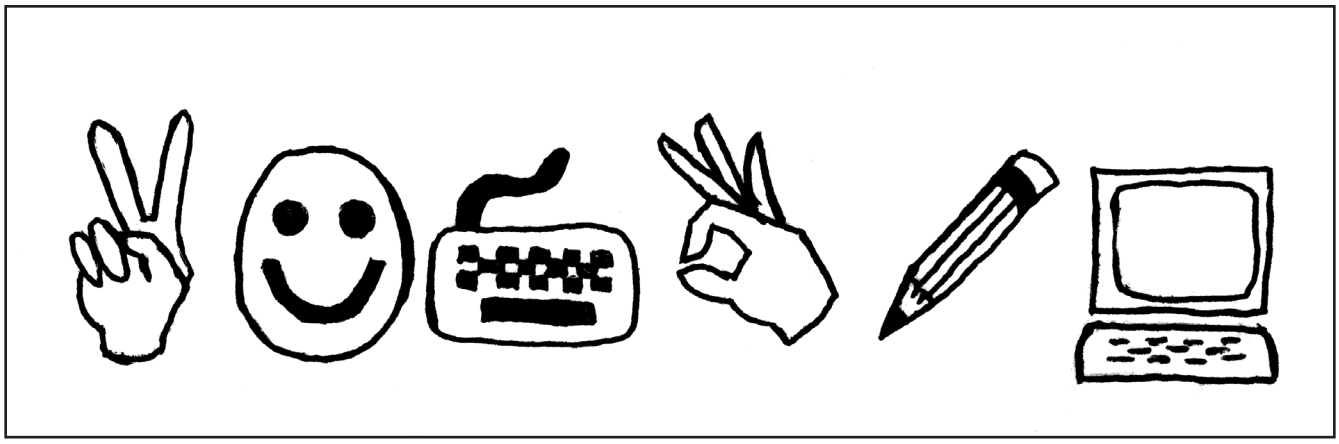
Is it cliche to call *Little Earthquakes*, Tori's first solo and breakout album, my favorite? Maybe. Am I listening to it while writing this? Yes. It's so good! And it provides the perfect jumping off point to the weirder parts of her discography. Honestly this is where I'd recommend anyone start listening to Tori. The songs all slap and there is a lot of variety. There's upbeat songs, sad songs, loud, quiet, a cover of "Smells Like Teen Spirit". The album itself is hard to categorize because it's so simplistic. Many of the songs are just Tori and her piano. Others could be considered pop-rock, while a few might even fall into the category of "classical". A truly beautiful album that's a tribute to human emotion on every level.

I truly hope that some of you give these powerhouse artists of the 90's a listen, if not out of genuine care, then out of curiosity. I love their music with all my heart and I just want to spread that love to anyone else who feels like their music taste doesn't match their age.

This article was originally published online in the Summer 2023 issue titled Dog Days.

What's a Wingding?

By Jewel Miller

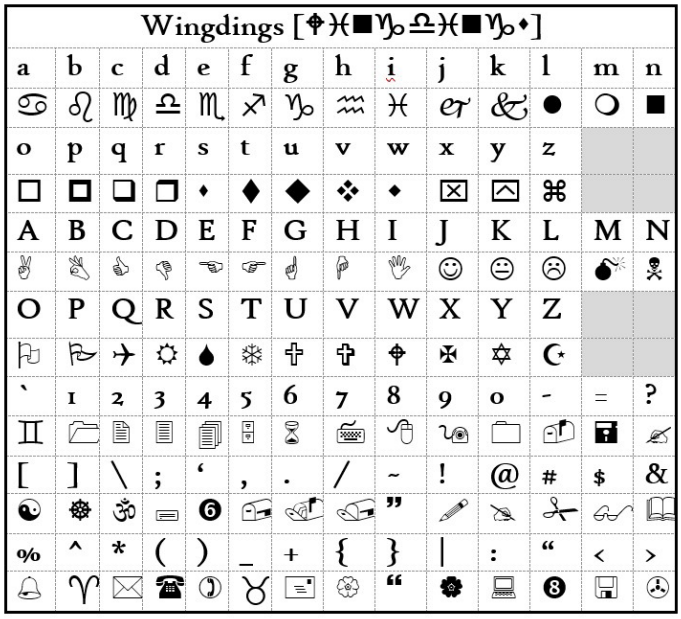


The year is 2010. My 8 year old self is sitting in computer class, seeing how many funny clip art images I can insert into my newly opened word document before the teacher notices that I'm wreaking havoc on the crisp new page that he just had us open. Being only 8 years old, the assignment he's explaining to us is not a soul-crushing 10 page essay due in a week that will make me question my decision to go to college, but rather a Microsoft Word exercise where all I have to do is learn how to add a border and some word art. Ah, what a time. I've just finished adding a low-resolution christmas tree border to my document (and being exuberantly proud of my choice), when the teacher instructs us on how to change the font on our page. Choose any font that you like, he says.

My small fingers scroll maddeningly through the hundreds of font choices. I pause briefly on the classics: Comic Sans, Papyrus, Jokerman, Broadway. Endless possibilities. At last, however, my cursor pauses on something new, something unexpected: Wingdings. A font full of images? What could it mean? I knew it had to be the one, giggling as I typed nefarious words in the hidden typography.

I remained curious about the font for many years to come. All throughout elementary school I would pause on the cryptic preview when looking for a font, wondering about its purpose. I had always assumed that it was nothing more than a gag, intended to be wacky and confusing for those who stumbled upon it. It wasn't until I was older that I suddenly remembered this curious moment in my childhood, and realized that there probably was a logical purpose behind the font that my 8 year old brain found so amusing.

If you aren't familiar with Wingdings, it's a font choice originally released on Microsoft Word that is made up entirely of symbols and simple images, each corresponding to a certain keyboard key. There are so many different symbols that the font is a family of multiple versions, including Wingdings, Wingdings 2, Wingdings 3, and the recently added Webdings.



Key to the Microsoft Word 2023 Wingdings font

The font style appears almost like an early-internet version of emojis. After some research though, I discovered that the purpose of Wingdings was actually quite utilitarian in comparison to peach or heart eye emojis. People today send images regularly, whether that be through text or email, or word processing documents. In the world of high-speed technology, sending photos is effortless. However, in the early 2000s, at a time when technology like Microsoft Word and email were just starting to develop into what they are today, sending image files was much trickier. Computers and other data storage devices often couldn't handle the large file sizes that came with images. Even if they could, image files often had to be imported at very small sizes or resolutions (hence the grainy quality of many 2000s era websites).

"Much like certain tools and technologies from thousands of years ago, Wingdings has begun to fade into history."

Enter Wingdings. Image fonts like Wingdings, also referred to as Dingbat fonts, provided a way for people to access simple high-quality images that were easy to use alongside other font characters (because the images acted as a font themselves). Someone could simply "insert" the image using the correct letter key, and then scale the image larger or smaller by adjusting the font size.

Wingdings was originally based on a font created by Charles Bigelow and Kris Holmes under a different name, which was then purchased by Microsoft. As for the odd name choice: Wingdings is supposed to be a mashup of the word "Windows" (Microsoft's operating system) and "Dingbat". This can be traced all the way back to the printing press era when ornamental designs, aka "Dingbats" could be added into a typeset to add decorative elements to books and flyers.

Despite this ultimately simple explanation for the font's existence, it has long been met with suspicion. Throughout the years, many have tried to read too deeply into Wingdings' cryptic messaging, finding hidden meanings in the arrangement of the different symbols. The font even came under scrutiny when someone pointed out that the symbols for NYC came out to a skull, the star of david, and a thumbs up, which was said to have been an act of antisemitism against jews in New York (This was claimed to be a coincidence by Microsoft, and the symbol arrangement was notably altered when the new version of the font, Webdings, was released years later).

After living most of my life being curious about the purpose behind Wingdings, the ultimate explanation came off as, well, pretty practical. I no longer felt the same sense of mystery or humor surrounding the font. If anything, the more I thought about it the more it became clear that Wingdings is simply a good example of technology that has been rendered obsolete (despite being in its prime only a decade or two ago). Much like certain tools and technologies from thousands of years ago, which we can only guess at the purpose behind, Wingdings has begun to fade into history. So much so that its fairly obvious purpose has been written off as a mystery or a gag.

The more I thought about Wingdings the more I pictured some 8 year old of the future, giggling over our modern day technology that I use every day, or rendering it absurd. What was a computer used for anyway? I don't know if I like to think about it.

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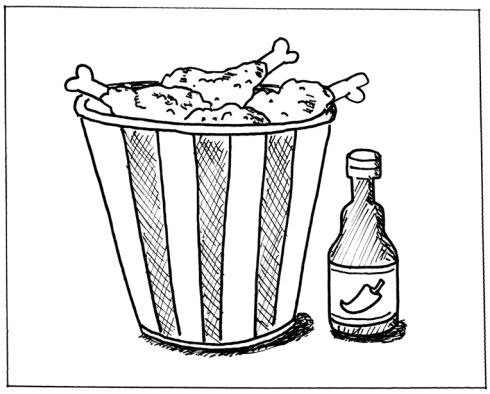
This article was originally published online in the Fall 2023 issue titled Kan't Spell.

Lost in the Sauce: Rating Wingstop's Top Four Most Popular Sauces

By Jonah Batchelor & Ethan Ginsberg



Ah, Wingstop. Truly the pinnacle of specialized chain restaurants. If you want cheap and delicious chicken, this is certainly a great place to go. Wingstop is a wildly popular chain of chicken-vending restaurants, with 1,843 locations across the United States. With such a large and widespread presence, the sheer amount of wings released onto society at large are surely epic figures.

Now, considering just how many people have consumed these wings, it's about time somebody came around and told them which are the best. Granted, many people have already done this. Our colleagues, we shall call them. However, none of these like-minded wing-rating geniuses wrote for our very own Locomag. Breaking down barriers? Pushing the boundaries? I dare say we might be.

In this article, we extensively review not one, not two, not even three, but FOUR different Wingstop sauce flavors out of the eight different options offered on the menu (discounting any limited-time flavors). Now, why only four? Because that is what the meal deal offers, so naturally these are the only four that will ever be relevant to your order! The four flavors were chosen after reviewing our colleagues' opinions and collectively tallying up the scores. Overall, the top four Wingstop sauces are Mango Habeñero, Spicy Korean Q, Cajun, and Hickory Smoked BBQ.

Mango Haberñero – 4 on the Wingstop heat meter

At first taste, the mango hits immediately. It's a sweet but quickly spicy sauce as the habeñero hits and then begins to take over. The mango is quickly lost as the spice engulfs the mouth in heat, but remains as a counterbalancing undertone. The pairing with the chicken and breading itself is excellent, as the salty flavors and juicy texture mingle with the habeñero's heat. The aftertaste of this wing is less good, as it remains primarily as spice and heat without residual flavor. If spicy wings are your thing, this is probably the best one on the menu as the mango provides a very nice base for the habeñero to come forth.

As for the presentation of this wing, it comes dripping and oozing in its gooey sauces. The orange coloration (presumably from the mango, or at least to give it that appearance) makes this wing very inviting. Truly, a wing to behold.

Personally, we felt that this wing was not our favorite from the bunch. The habeñero, while good at first, became too much of a present flavor, and overpowered both the mango and the chicken. This wing has a 10/10 first-bite presence but progressively falls off as consumption is continued.

Overall, we gave this wing a 6/10. Not our favorite, but it definitely could be yours if you really like habeñero.

Spicy Korean Q – 3 on the Wingstop heat meter

Sweet, tangy, all the flavor you want from a wing. This Korean-inspired BBQ sauce is truly excellent. The first bite fills your mouth with both sauce and rich flavor. This wing has a deeper flavor palette than some of the others we have reviewed in this article for certain. It feels as though the recipe is more diverse, and the ingredients are

more synergetic than some of the other sauces. Unlike some of the others, this wing has no single standout flavor, in the best way possible. The blend is immaculate and feels as though it is a perfect reflection of the yin-yang image placed next to the name of it on the Wingstop website. Perfectly balanced, as all wings should be. However, the only criticism that can be found for this delectable wing, is that it has "spicy" in the name. It is not this. If you are looking for spicy, this wing is not packing the heat you want in your mouth. It is not spiceless, but it does not kindle flame. Compared to even the Mango habeñero, it's a Bic lighter vs. St. Elmo's fire. This is not a bad thing, per se.

The appearance of this wing is lovely. The dark, syrupy brown sauce coating it seeps into its every crevice, catching the light beautifully. If this wing were a person, it would win Miss Universe. God, the things I would do to this wing.

We gave this one a 9.5/10 because it was delicious. Our only qualm was the false advertising. This boy is not a-spicy.

Cajun – 4 on the Wingstop spice meter

Don't get us wrong, it's a decent wing. However, clocking in at the same heat rating as mango habeñero is crazy, ludicrous even. While it was not, not spicy, it was far from as impactful on the taste buds as the habeñero. The underwhelming spice, mixed with the non-Cajun flavor (like, this just tasted like buffalo sauce), led to a disappointing bite. The bulk of the spice did not manifest until the later stages of the wing, to the point where it really was not even spicy until it was finished. This wing tastes pretty much just like a very generic buffalo wing, which it technically is, just with Cajun seasoning, yet the Cajun seasoning flavor was not present enough to even warrant this wing existing as a separate option from the original flavor. We were hood-winged, bamboozled, led astray, run amuck, and flat-out deceived.

The appearance, strangely enough, looked as though the wings were dry, This could be an employee error, as it did appear as though there was simply less sauce, but we cannot afford another order to test this theory. The red color, reminiscent of the mesa desert, felt appropriate for the flavor, though the flavor itself fell short.

This wing gets a 4/10 from us. It was okay, but in all regards below average and underwhelming.

Hickory Smoked BBQ – 2 on the Wingstop spice meter

Okay, so, it is barbeque sauce. Wingstop really did not try to reinvent the wheel on this one. If you like BBQ sauce, yeah this is a good wing. It is not a special or unique flavor or a new take on the classic sauce, but that is not inherently a bad thing. We are rating flavor, not ingenuity. There is actually so little to say about this wing, that this is really it. If you have somehow spent your life without ever tasting any generic brand BBQ sauce, you can get the exact same experience this wing provides at your local grocery store.

The presentation was quite similar to the Korean Q, yet it didn't have the same ephemeral glow. This wing did not beckon. Brown. Viscous. Bearing likeness to a crude oil deposit. Mhmm…

We can't hate on BBQ. It's an OG. But this wing is just so mid. It's not bad at all, but it doesn't make it into our next order for sure. It's a 5/10.

Parting Thoughts

Now we've reached the conclusion. Our stomachs are full of shitty wings and some pretty good sauces. Do we wish we only got Korean Q? Yes. Do we think that Cajun should be kicked off the menu? Maybe. Not sure how that one even made it into a general top 4, but if the voters in the U.S. say anything about widely held opinions in this country, it's not a stretch to think they might have less refined wing-tasting opinions.

If there's one thing to take away from this article, it's that the spicy Korean Q is pretty good. Mango habeñero is alright, and you might like it if that's your jam. Scrap the rest, and spend your money on the garlic parm dry rub, it's objectively better than anything else on the menu anyway.

This article was originally published online in the Fall 2023 ssue titled Welcome to Flavortown.

Long Live Alex Russo

By Allison Schmidt

There is something cruel and unforgiving about growing up. Edges get sharper, air gets colder and life gets tougher. That's why I fight like hell to make sure that I'm not growing up too fast and watching childhood shows is one of the ways that I do that. Another way I do that is by dancing with no rhyme or reason, but that's a topic for a different article.

One of my favorite childhood shows that I will never get tired of re-watching is Wizards of Waverly Place. This show was a fantasy show created by Disney Channel in 2007. It was about a family of wizards who tried their best to balance a life of normal and a life of magic. Not to mention, the show has one of the best main characters that I've ever seen. Alex Russo stole the spotlight and I'm not the only one who seemed to mind.

There doesn't seem to be a soul on earth who doesn't love Alex Russo. Everyone who grew up with the show never had a problem with her. Let's face it: she was the reason why the show was so great. She was funny, sarcastic, and had a great personality. Everyone loved her. That's something I always understood because I loved her too. How could you not? It was not until I rewatched the show as an adult that I began to question everyone's definition of love.

Alex Russo is a terrible person. She ignores everyone who she thinks is a waste of time and space. She always puts herself first and others in danger. She lies. She cheats. She steals. Not to mention, everything has to be her way. She manipulates everyone she cares about. She also gives everyone around her a hard time and uses

them constantly. Alex Russo is one of the worst friends to exist.

Not only does she treat her friend horribly, she also treats herself horribly. Alex Russo is an extremely lazy person who never applies herself. She treats school like it is a useless hobby. She sleeps through her classes after showing up to them late. She skips almost all of them. She is also always in detention for something she did. It is pretty obvious that school isn't a priority to her. It's not just school. It's her magic lessons as well. She never shows up to them. That is why most of the time, she can't even do spells correctly. She doesn't bother to learn or even try. She shouldn't be considered a role model. She is not a good person.

"It was not until I rewatched the show as an adult that I began to question everyone's definition of love."

So if she's not a good person, then why do we love her? What is it about Alex Russo that made us fall in love with her? And what does that say about us and our judge of character? How do we determine who deserves our love and who does not? Is love that easy to give?

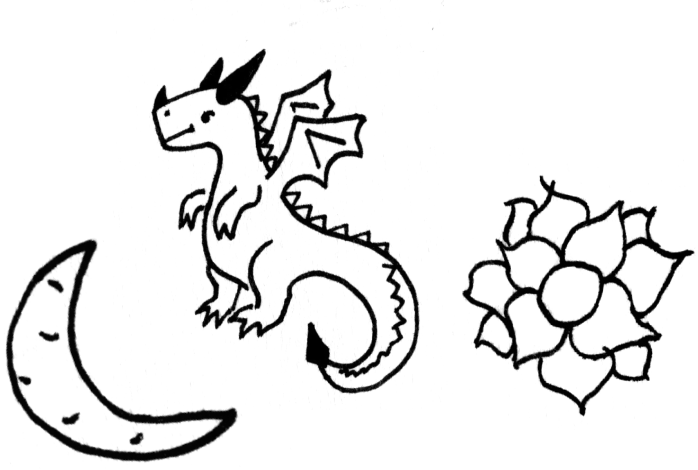
Love isn't simple. Alex Russo isn't simple. She is a character with a lot of flaws. That is why we love her. We don't love her despite them. We love her because of them. Alex Russo is complicated. She is complex. She is human. Her character does not ever deal in absolutes. She is not pure evil, nor is she pure good. She is selfish, but that does not mean that she can not be selfless. She doesn't hesitate to save her friends or even the world.

Alex Russo isn't afraid to be herself. She always knows what she wants. She's not afraid to go after it. She has complete control of her life and the unknown doesn't scare her. She says what is on her mind and apologies for nothing. Alex Russo is a reflection of who we all wish we were.

Alex Russo is realistic. She may not always be nice or kind, but neither are most of us. She keeps things honest. She knows her dreams. She also knows her limits. She may be the only Disney character that didn't want to go to an Ivy League school. She showed that it was okay to not have school be a priority. Life is not about being everything and everywhere all at once.

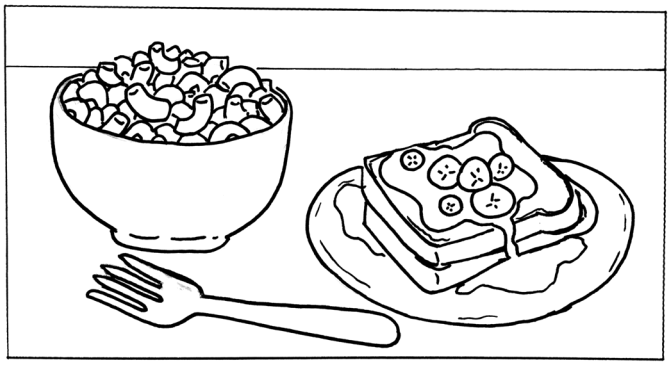
Alex Russo may not be a good person, but she's relatable. She is not perfect. She has flaws just like the rest of us. She makes us feel seen and loved. It is alright to fall apart and it is okay to not have your figured out. We choose who we love based on the way they make us feel. Alex Russo makes us feel like we are worth something.

This article was originally published online in the Fall 2023 issue titled Kan't Spell.



Welcome to Savortown and the Ensuing Quest for Ingredients

By Sydney Howse



From a young age I was cooking in the kitchen with my dad. I was his little assistant with my tiny red 'Top Chef' Sydney apron. I probably wasn't very helpful and I probably didn't do much, but I was present. For this reason I am optimistic that I must still have some cooking skills left over from my apprentice days. I am not the best chef by any means, but when given a proper recipe I would say I'm a pretty good follower even though I have been known to forget some key ingredients. I am an English major, but reading the instructions is apparently not my strong suit.

I wanted to try out some recipes from the mayor of Flavortown himself, Guy Fieri. I picked out two of his most well known recipes: Mac Daddy Mac and Cheese and Texas French Toast Bananas Foster. I also made sure to read through the ingredient list and instructions thoroughly before beginning.

The first step was to begin the search for ingredients which proved more difficult than I had initially thought. Let me tell you, finding all of the ingredients for these recipes was a *struggle*. I would have chosen some of his other recipes but those ingredients were even more obscure. The Mac Daddy Mac and Cheese (how amazing is that name?!) was the better of the two in terms of finding all the ingredients. The only semi-odd item was bacon grease and for someone like me (an avid anti-bacon eater) that wasn't something easy to come by. I want to send out a heartfelt thank you to my mommom who just so happened to have some in her fridge. She was also the one who provided me with the half cup of orange juice (which I also hate) and the quarter cup of rum for the bananas foster. She was also subsequently very worried that I would have an open container of alcohol in my car on the way home (everything turned out fine). I received the miniscule amount of ¼ of a teaspoon of orange liqueur from the former co-editor-in-chief of this very magazine. Thanks Ryan!

I also didn't expect to have such a hard time finding thyme of all things. The mac and cheese called for fresh thyme which was a ghastly seven dollars at the local Giant. When I chose instead to purchase dried thyme I somehow accidentally grabbed dried rosemary instead. So that's to say that I did not add thyme to the recipe, but the Mac Daddy Mac and Cheese still turned out absolutely amazing.

Guy Fieri's Mac Daddy Mac and Cheese is probably the best homemade mac and cheese that I have ever had (and I have had a lot, I am a Mac and Cheese connoisseur).

I think it not only had to do with the addition of the bacon grease but also the shallots and garlic that were first roasted and then fried in the grease. They added a touch of crunch and savor into the cheesy mac and cheese. There were a couple of things that I did differently from the recipe (on purpose this time!). First was that I did not put a bacon crumble on top or wherever else it wanted said bacon. As I have mentioned before I loathe the meat and refused to add it. Feel free to come at me for that statement. The second was that I did NOT use penne pasta for the recipe. Why call something Mac Daddy MAC and Cheese while not using macaroni noodles? Absolute nonsense if you ask me and so I had to remedy that.

As for the Texas French Toast Bananas Foster (that name doesn't have as much of a ring to it), this dish was also absolutely phenomenal. I was a bit skeptical with this recipe as it called for ingredients that I never used in my life and I wondered how it could possibly turn out well. I am not a person who likes orange flavored things, but the orange juice and orange liqueur were barely present, they just gave the dish an overall tang and different flavor which I really enjoyed. The rum was a spiced dark rum that added additional vanilla flavor to the carmel sauce that the french toast was covered in.

The only slight downside I would give to this recipe is with the instructions portion of it. I have never cooked with alcohol before and I have never made a caramel sauce. I would have appreciated a little more direction at this step of the recipe as in: what consistency should the sauce be wand does it need to be reduced etc. The instructions also said to use a saucepan (perhaps this is a bit picky), but it needed to say LARGE saucepan. The caramel sauce got everywhere before I put it in a bigger pan. My stove was a bit of a mess afterwards, but it was all worth it. The dish was an absolute hit. My roommate and our friend who came for dinner all absolutely adored Fieri's take on this recipe. I now feel the need to have my parents and everyone else I know try this masterpiece.

There are some other recipes of Fieri's that I was considering such as the Taj Maholla! Chicken, but that also had odd ingredients like cumin seeds, coriander seeds, and cardamom seeds that I felt like I wouldn't have easy access to in my nearby neighborhood Giant.

I would for sure want to try more of Guy Fieri's recipes in the future. I'm looking at you, Trash Can Nachos (another recipe that was highly recommended). I'm a sucker for black beans, not gonna lie. Not all of his recipes are my cup of tea, obviously, like his sushi or seafood. He also seems to lean heavily towards cajun cuisine and more spicy american foods. I do like flavor in my food, but keep in mind that I am a white girl who cannot handle much spice in her life.

I think these two recipes were very successful and were even added to the recipe book that my roommate and I are making. My dad is always the first person I send food pictures and amazing recipes to. I was thrilled to show him these masterpieces that I made all by myself. When I head back home to Texas for the next school break I hope to make this recipe again, but this time with him as my assistant chef.

All images by Jewel Miller.

This article was originally published online in the Fall 2023 issue titled Welcome to Flavortown.

Soccer, Sapphics & Sacrifice

By Dakota Lewis

IN 1996, a girl's high school soccer team from New Jersey is flying over the Canadian Rockies on their way to Nationals when the plane crashes, killing the pilots and multiple passengers and leaving the rest of the team stranded for 19 months in the wilderness. Two springs. Two summers. Two falls. Two winters. Lots of teenage angst bullshit, not enough food, and no psychiatric medication. The team, Wiskayok High School's Yellowjackets, were on a private plane paid for by a teammate's father. The Yellowjackets consisted of Jackie Taylor, Shauna Shipman, Taissa Turner, Van Palmer, Natalie Scatorccio, Lottie Matthew, and Rachel Goldman along with multiple characters with unknown last names such as Laura Lee and Mari, and then Akilah, Crystal, Gen and Melissa who are formally introduced in season two. There are a number of unnamed extras throughout season one that make it harder to get a final count, so to make it easier we're only counting named players. They were accompanied by their manager, Misty Quigley, head coach Bill Martinez, his two sons Travis and Javi, and assistant coach Ben Scott. Rachel, Coach Martinez and the flight crew consisting of two pilots and one flight attendant died (quite horrifically, actually) in the crash, while Coach Ben was severely injured causing him to lose a leg, leaving sixteen total survivors.

In 2021, the survivors of that 19 month shit show, referred to by the media as the Yellowjackets, are living their day to day like any other normal people. They have refused to say anything to the media about what happened to them out there, causing much public curiosity but effectively killing any real inspection into their current lives. Shauna is a stay at home mom, with a husband and daughter. Taissa is a successful politician, running for senator. Misty is part of the nursing staff for an old folk's home. Natalie is just getting

out of rehab (again), which seems to be the worst of it. Well, at first.

What Happened Out There?

For the sake of my time and yours, I'm just going through the main, cannibal related plot points of the 1996 timeline. Most importantly, Lottie starts a cult! She begins to have strange, prophetic visions when her medication runs out after the crash, talking about an "It." The girls find a strange symbol scattered about the cabin they've taken over as home base and the surrounding woods. They also find a small plane near the cabin! Laura Lee decides to study the plane's manual since she used to fly a similar one with her grandfather, eventually attempting to fly the plane to civilization to save the group. The plane ends up exploding over the lake, killing Laura Lee and any hope they have of being rescued. As the group is now sure they're going to die out there, with no food and winter on the way, they decide to throw a party! An end of the world shindig they coin Doomcoming, which is completely innocent and fun until 1. Misty pulls out shrooms that she meant to only drug Coach Ben with but they end up in everyone's stew, effectively drugging anyone who eats it and 2. Jackie decides she wants to have sex with Travis, who has been messing around with Natalie up until recently, because her boyfriend knocked up her best friend, Shauna. This is where Lottie's cult shit begins to really rear its ugly head. Lottie, Shauna, Mari, Akilah, Taissa and Van are all hanging out, tripping balls, when they realize that Travis and Jackie have gone off on their own. Lottie starts talking about how Jackie is "taking something that doesn't belong to her," rallying the other girls to go deal with the situation. Dealing with the situation ends up meaning locking Jackie in a closet and hunting Travis like a deer until Natalie, who's been off having girl talk with Coach Ben (while also tripping balls) in the woods, returns and stops the rest of the girls from killing Travis.

The morning after, no one is pleased. Misty is in trouble for the shroom stew, Jackie is pissed at everyone but especially Shauna, Travis is acting very weird, Javi is missing, Coach Ben is tired of this nonsense and a fucking bear shows up for breakfast! A bear which Lottie somehow gets to roll over for her before plunging a knife in its throat, successfully convincing a few more girls that she's not crazy, and that there is an It she's getting messages from and It's name is the Wilderness. Lottie's new believers insist on a prayer before their bear meat dinner, which snowballs into a massive blow out between Shauna and Jackie. As a result, Jackie decides to sleep outside and Shauna decides to let her. In the morning, they find a couple feet of snow on the ground and Jackie frozen solid outside, ending season one with 14 survivors.

"This is where Lottie's cult shit begins to really rear its ugly head."

Season two opens a few weeks into winter. They're running very low on food, they can't find any game, Shauna is very pregnant, Javi is missing and Jackie's body has been sitting in their meat shed since she died. Shauna, who has taken on the role of the butcher and spends the most time in the meat shed, has taken up a habit of talking to Jackie, which quickly develops into arguing with her, braiding her hair and doing her makeup. Taissa is the one who finds out about this habit, and quickly decides that it's time to cremate Jackie, which would have been a great idea if a pile of snow didn't fall (or was maybe pushed?) on top of her burning pyre, cooking her like a Thanksgiving turkey. Waking up to the smell of freshly cooked meat, everyone but Ben cannot resist the urge. They eat Jackie. The only two people who really talk about it are Van and Tai – Tai doesn't remember eating her and is deeply disgusted, while Van is in disbelief that Tai could possibly not recall eating Jackie's face.

A lot more happens between Jackie and the next act of cannibalism, but, again, for time's sake we're jumping. Lottie volunteers to take an insane

beating from Shauna, who just had a stillborn baby and is under the impression that the rest of the group ate him, hinting at the damage that eating Jackie did to her psyche. Lottie is possibly on her deathbed, so she tells Misty not to waste her body if she dies. She tells them to eat her if she dies. These girls have gone from her teammates to her devout followers and they cannot bear to lose their prophet. They decide to sacrifice someone, believing that maybe the Wilderness will spare Lottie if they give It someone else.

To pick their lamb, they draw cards. Whoever gets the Queen of Hearts dies. Natalie, the only one still firmly rooted in her skepticism, draws the Queen of Hearts and won't go quietly. She insists Shauna has to look her in the eyes if she's going to kill her, and then bolts when Travis decides he can't watch and tries to stop it, turning the sacrifice into the Hunt we see Pit Girl in. Javi, who they found running around in the woods after being missing for two months in the dead of winter, tells Natalie he can hide her, if she just follows him. They're running across the lake, everyone but Ben and Travis chasing them, when the ice cracks under Javi and he falls in. He can't get a grip on the ice and can't stay afloat, he's begging Natalie to help him like he helped her when Misty grabs her and tells her it's him or her. If she saves him, she's they're next meal. They let him drown, and the '96 plot for season two ends with them eating him, leaving a whopping 12 survivors since Misty accidentally murdered Crystal.

Why Did It Happen Like *That*?

Assuming, like the Yellowjackets do, that everything happening out there happens for a reason, why do these specific people get eaten? What is important about how they die, and are then prepared and eaten? Is it really the Wilderness that chooses? Or is it them? Or is it just what happened?

The series opens with a hunt scene, the prey being a teenage girl rather than a deer, now commonly referred to as Pit Girl. It's clear this is an organized, intentional hunt, not something she happened to stumble into. There are traps set for her, the other girls are prepared to cook and consume her and they seem practiced in doing so, each one carrying out their specific role with no hesitation. Not only have they killed this girl but they have made a cult-like ritual of hunting, butchering, eating, and as we find out in season two, choosing her. In these scenes, the girls doing the hunting are easily turned into predator animals with their feral behavior and primitive masks, the only distinguishable parts of them being their teeth ripping into the meat of their teammate. Choosing not to identify the girl they were hunting has the opposite effect, it makes her painfully human. Not knowing which character Pit Girl is makes it easy to imagine any of them in that position, especially with her nondescript clothing and hair that only serves to rule out certain characters rather than identify her. Adding her palpable fear as she runs and the twitch of her fingers after she's fallen on the sharpened sticks makes it even harder to think of her as an animal, as prey to be hunted and eaten. Beginning the series with this – the opening theme says – point of no return immediately creates an atmosphere of dread. How could these girls go from dancing in the locker room together to practicing ritualistic cannibalism? What could make someone do that? How do they become the women we see in the 2021 timeline? What happened out there?

Jackie is only the tip of the iceberg. She is the exact opposite of Pit Girl. None of the girls had wanted to really harm Jackie, and especially not fucking eat her. But the Wilderness did. It sent Lottie after her and Travis, then on that shroom powered hunt. It made it snow when Jackie went to sleep outside. It shoveled the snow onto her pyre, turning it into a steam cooker. Jackie is the very beginning of the process we see with Pit Girl because the Wilderness wanted her to be.

But why did It want that? Maybe because she posed the biggest threat to Lottie indoctrinating the rest of the group. Coach Martinez made her captain because of her social influence, and even when the girls were annoyed at her in the Wilderness, she still had that power. She organized the seance in the cabin, she proposed

Doomcoming, she got Travis to sleep with her, even when literally everyone in the cabin was deeply annoyed with her or thought the idea was stupid. In order for Lottie, the Wilderness' prophet, to spread the good word, Lottie needed all the social control. Before Jackie dies and winter begins, everyone except Van and Mari agrees that Lottie is off her rocker, that there is no It. The fight that sends Jackie out to die starts with a prayer to the Wilderness. After she dies, Lottie quickly gets comfortable giving her blessings and leading her prayers. The Wilderness saw a powerful, headstrong opponent and It had her dealt with, then gave Its followers a lovely feast as a reward. But what the fuck is the Wilderness?

"Was It really something out there? Something that has stayed with them their whole lives? Or was It really just them all along?"

Was It really something out there? Something that has stayed with them their whole lives? Or was It really just them all along, like Shauna said? What then? What does it mean if everything they did out there was all really just them all along, with nothing and no one to blame but themselves? Is that how Shauna becomes who she is in 2021? Living with the guilt of her causing her best friend's death and eating her. And then Javi…

Javi's death takes the Yellowjackets a step closer to what we see in the Pit Girl scenes. The choosing has begun, letting the Wilderness tell them who to hunt and eat with a deck of cards,or in Javi's case, broken ice. They're becoming organized in how they eat people, letting the Wilderness take the blame and the guilt for them. Well, for most of them.

Poor, poor Javi. The final innocent, a child, one of the only two people who didn't eat Jackie and wasn't complicit in her death. Trying to save Natalie from the Hunt and begging her to save him as he drowns makes that innocence painfully apparent. Travis apologizing to his body, Natalie throwing a cloth over him, Shauna's inability to look as she butchers him – they know they've hit a new low, a point of no return. But, like with Jackie, it's easy to believe that the Wilderness wanted him. Why else would the ice break under him, when it could've easily broken under any of them? Why would Natalie be saved from the Hunt if It didn't want her as their leader? Why else would the snow have fallen right on top of Jackie if It didn't want them to eat her? Why would Van have survived the fire, and then the wolves, if It didn't want something from her? Why would Lottie be getting all these visions if It wasn't giving them to her? This can't all be coincidental, just shitty luck, can it? There has to be a reason behind all of this, right? But why, exactly, would It want Javi? The group easily explains that Natalie pulling the Queen out of the deck of cards, effectively choosing her as a sacrifice, means the Wilderness wants her as their Queen – but taking Javi instead? Why would It want Javi dead? Did It want the last of their innocence gone? Did It want proof of their devotion? Or were they all just so fucking desperate for food they would take anything, even a child? But this can't be their fault, can it? It's what the Wilderness wanted, not them. They've killed a child, and they've eaten him because that's what the Wilderness wanted. If it hadn't been him, it would've been Natalie because that's what the Wilderness wanted. They hunted Natalie, and let Javi drown when the ice broke under him because that's what the Wilderness wanted. How much worse could they get? How much more could It want from them?

This article was originally published online in the Fall 2023 issue Welcome to Flavortown.

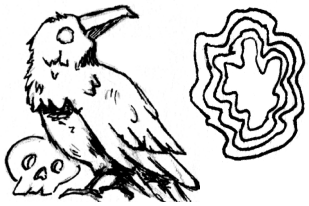
Welcome to the A/V Room

Welcome to the A/V room. Below we've housed our audio / video selections. Enjoy :)

Issue 72: Welcome to Flavortown/Soccer, Safics, Sacrifice ft. Dakota

By Klaudia Wrona

In this episode of For Loco, Klaudia introduces the fire-tastic 72nd issue of Loco Mag … Welcome to Flavortown! For the main course of our girl dinner podcast, we are getting an insider preview of an upcoming Loco Mag article: "Soccer, Safics, Sacrifice" by Dakota. Together, Klaudia and Dakota talk about the tv show Yellowjackets, where they break down the cannibalistic, cult-ish group of girls that get stranded in the middle of the Canadian Rockies after a tragic plane crash.



Relationships with Fire

By Jason Kramer

Fire is a very complex element, both in our world and in Avatar The Last Airbender. Commonly associated with pain and destruction, yet the movement and flow of fire makes it feel like it's alive. The relationship that the Fire Nation, and the world of Avatar as a whole, has with fire is incredibly rich.

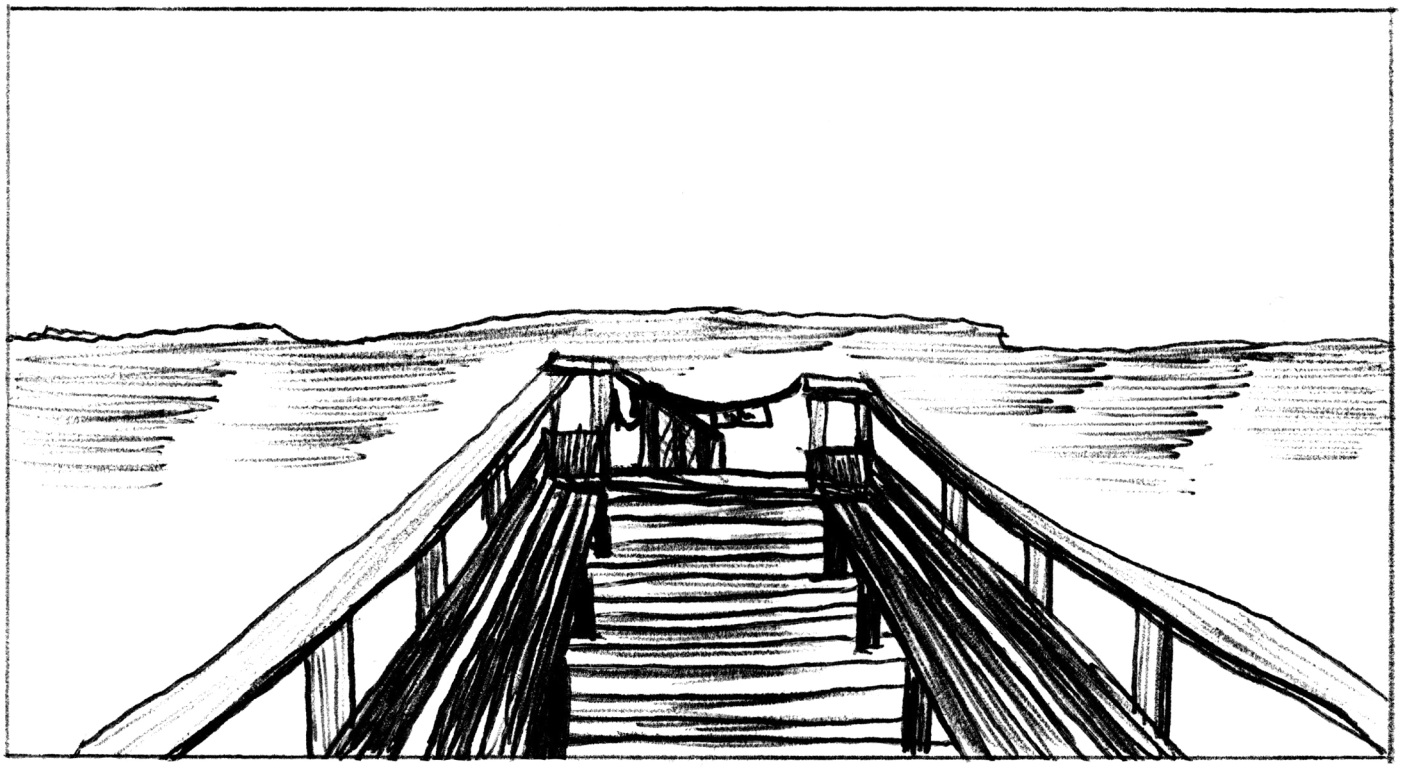
Welcome to the Hunt for the Best Chicken Sandwich

By Reilly Robichaud

Ever wonder where to go when you're craving one of those mouthwatering, crispy, fried chicken sandwiches? Chick-fil-a? Popeyes? Maybe not… Join Reilly and his friends as they try all the mainstream chicken sandwich joints; Popeyes, KFC, Chic-Fil-A, and Raisin Cane's. Chicken sandwiches are scored on a scale from 1-10 in categories of overall flavor and texture.

Welcome to Maine: The Good, The Bad, and The Ice Cream

By Carly Maloney



Over the summer my family and I visited Boothbay and Bar Harbor, Maine, a trip which, while having its u ps and downs, honestly ended up being really cool.

First, onto the good stuff. Most of the food I had was pretty delicious, though I don't usually find myself branching out in terms of trying new food. I personally don't like seafood, so I mostly avoided it during this trip. The closest I got to eating it was on the first night in Boothbay when I ordered a Chicken Caesar salad that tasted a bit fishier than I expected (I didn't have any more Caesar salad during the trip). One meal of note was the absolutely banging hamburger that I decided to order after I saw my sister get it. I had originally ordered some type of salad with blood orange dressing but pushed it to the side immediately when I saw how delicious the burger looked. Granted, I couldn't eat anything until way later that night (I don't eat meat very often, so I felt a bit nauseous for the next few hours, so I know I'm crazy to say that it was worth it). This meal was after our e-bike tour around the harbor, so I had definitely worked up an appetite that a measly salad couldn't satisfy.

I know this doesn't technically count as "Maine food," but some of the snacks we brought fit the vibe of the trip in my opinion. At night, we would all sit out on our balconies looking over the harbor while I drew in my sketchbook and ate BBQ Pringles. On one of the more mild nights there was even a boat light show. The last meal

of Boothbay was an unexpected one because we spent the better part of half an hour trying to find somewhere to eat.
We finally came across a restaurant in a little corner of the town where I ordered vegetable dumplings and a dish that had chips and guacamole along with pitas and hummus. They were both appetizers, but this was my favorite meal of Boothbay, so I'm glad it ended on a high note.

Before we got to Bar Harbor for the second part of our trip, we went to a place called Moody's Diner for breakfast. I mention this (and emphasize that it was breakfast) because I ordered and consumed a piece of cheesecake with a strawberry glaze because I missed non-ice cream desserts so much. We'll address this in just a bit.

We did a lot of hiking in Acadia Park, another activity that worked up an appetite, so having good food here was also very important. Though the weather was constantly cloudy which resulted in an eerie feeling of never knowing exactly what time of day it was, we still hiked at different locations at Acadia each of the days we were in Bar Harbor. On the first night I ordered a BLAT (BLT with avocados) and onion rings. After another one of our ventures to Acadia we drove into town for lunch and I got this really flavorful salad with roasted vegetables, which I can't remember the name of. We also encountered another staple of Maine displaying its love of ice cream, which was Baxter, the mascot of ice cream. To give our trip a proper send-off, I ordered yet another salad and yet another cheesecake at our last restaurant in Bar Harbor. I know I said Caesar salad was the closest I got to eating seafood, but just look at the lobster made out of blackberry glaze.

I think I should now address the elephant in the room (or the title), the ice cream. One of the first things I noticed in Boothbay, after the first meal and walk around town, was that there seemed to only be one type of dessert available: ice cream. This needed its own category because while ice cream isn't inherently bad, it was truly criminal that it was the only dessert available within a ten-mile radius for most of the trip. Despite the bright pink neon sign, ice cream does not solve everything. I'm not completely against eating ice cream, but it's nowhere near my favorite dessert, hence the cheesecake for breakfast at Moody's.

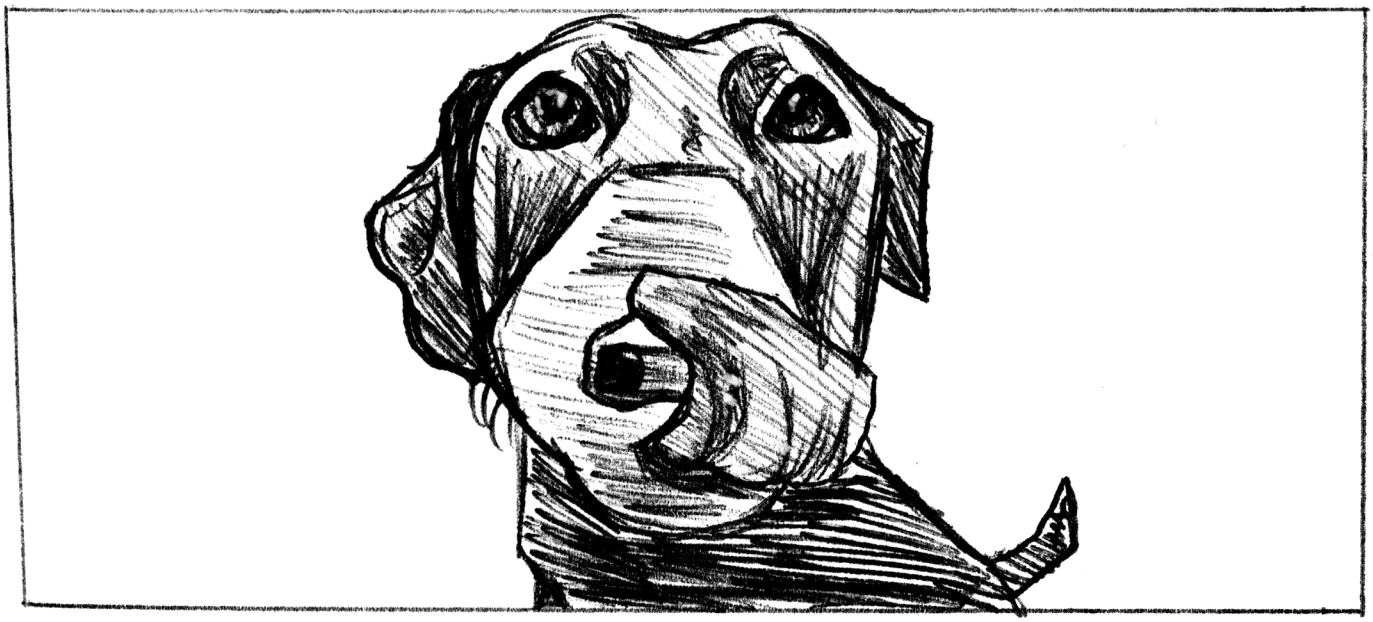
Despite the cloudy and rainy weather, and of course my nemesis, the ice cream, this ended up being a really fun trip. I enjoyed some tried and true foods like salad, though I appreciated how each restaurant put a unique twist on it, and even enjoyed the new foods I tried like the burger and veggie dumplings with soy sauce. The sights, smells, and tastes really drove away the relentless fog and mild temperatures to reveal a truly unique and fun vacation.

All images by Carly Maloney.

This article was origianlly published online in the Fall 2023 issue titled Welcome to Flavortown.

This is Not My Beautiful House, These are Not My Beautiful Dogs

By Belle Manetta



I received two texts from family friends a few months ago, both asking me to watch their dogs. Both jobs lasted two weeks and they were back-to-back. I took both jobs. I like dogs and could really use the money. The first job was closer to home, the second one was farther away. For someone who is ready for life to "start" in the sense that I can get a nice job, move somewhere away from home, and gain a little more independence, these jobs felt like a nice way to do a trial run for that.

~

I have had an issue since some point in my time at college where my house does not feel like home to me anymore. I would go back under the impression that I felt homesick, only to leave feeling the same. This was a frustrating feeling, as parts of my college residences felt like home to me, but not enough to fully hold me. Both there and at home I had people there to love and support me and spaces that I had made my own. And yet, the walls that enclosed me felt like just that: walls. Myself and the spaces I lived in felt like two entire separate entities, never fully connecting. Leaving college and coming home full time felt like a race to get out just so i could get somewhere that was truly mine.

~

Make yourself at home! My house is yours for two weeks!

I found my body melting into their cushions and my flesh melting into a lazy routine.

The houses I found myself in were lovely and their dogs were equally as such. I had put myself into the homes of others for a month and found that their walls were uniquely their own. Less like a mash of things that they were attempting to be, but rather things they knew they were. A room of house plants. A kitchen so organized it felt criminal to move anything out of place. A bar and pool table in the basement. Books on death and plants and politics scattered across the room. Personalized beds and yards that oozed of love and belonging for their respective owners. So, if

the houses were so lovely, why was I struggling to make myself at home even for a moment?
It would seem I do not know how to feel at home anymore.

~

Each day, I would sit and think about what is waiting for me when my life starts. The dogs would need to go out. I would turn on my laptop and the television. The dogs would come in. I would sit. The dogs would need food. I would feed them.

This routine was okay my first two weeks. By the last half of my dog sitting month, my routine began to feel more depressing. Nothing changed because of the house I was in, I remained stagnant. My mind and body realized this and I slipped into a depression. I felt homesick, but for *what*?

"By the last half of my dog sitting month, my routine began to feel more depressing. Nothing changed because of the house I was in, I remained stagnant."

The dogs had to go outside. They ran around their yards. I watched from behind the glass. I hate how grass feels on my feet and it was far too hot to join them anyway.

~

For years, I have been homesick for a home I have never lived in under the impression that one of these days, my life will finally start. Always sitting at the runner's block, waiting for the race to start after years of never running. The starter's gun sits on the turf. It has never been held.

Life started the day I was born. The moment I took my first breath and let out my first cries was the moment my life started. I have been living since I could feel the warmth of a blanket around me. My mother singing at the piano. My father's cooking. My sister's babbling and my brother's video games. I have been living through all of it. I have seen the sea. I have fallen and felt the sting of concrete on my skin only to get up again. I have stopped to take pictures of bugs, admiring something I once believed to be ugly. My heart has ached and I have sobbed over womanhood, grief, self-realization, and everything else. I have sat with my best friend and cried at movies and listened to music and been held by the person I love. I have always been living.

Realizing that my life doesn't start the moment I decide it does stopped me in my tracks and slowed me down. Things will work out. I will continue living, like I always have, just differently.

Since I have been home, it has been nice to be in my own bed surrounded by the walls of my home.

~

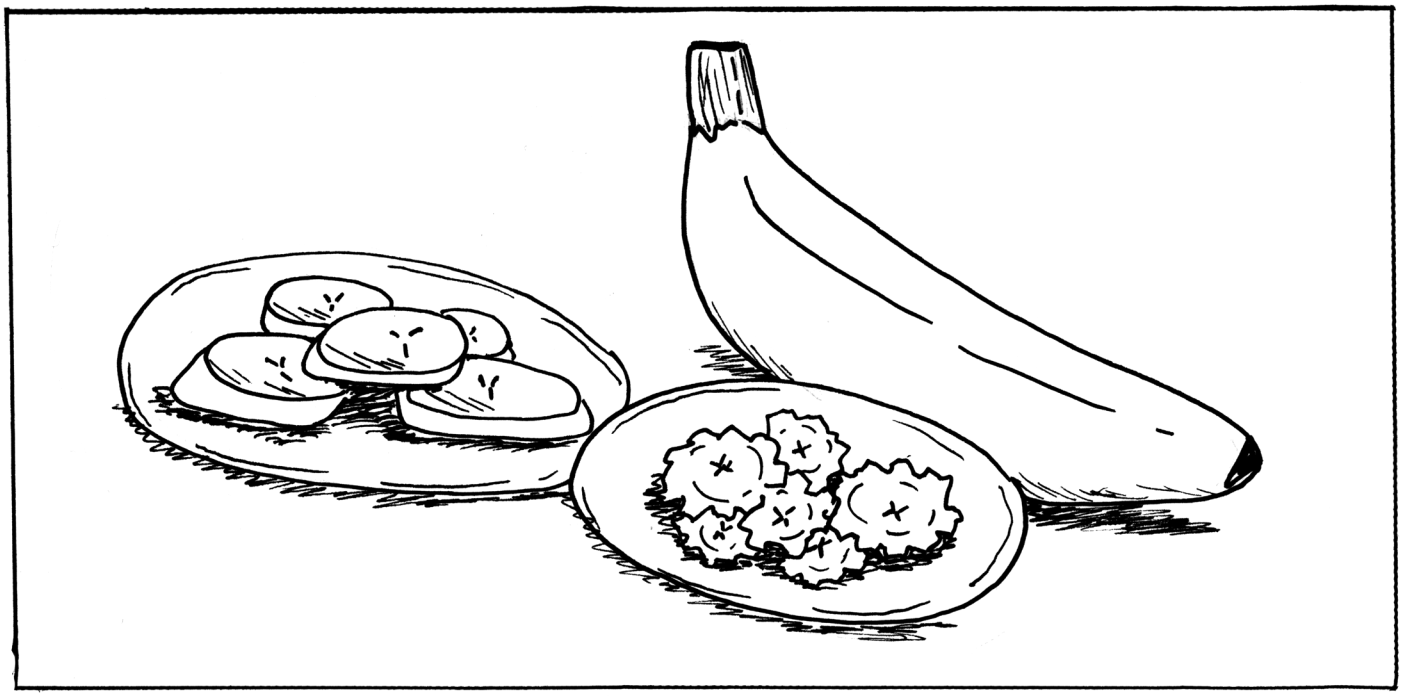
Watching dogs for a whole month wasn't all bad. I got to be around some cute creatures. I made myself new meals. I watched more *One Piece*. I read a book all the way through for the first time in ages.

I lived through it.

This article was originally published online in the Summer 2023 issue titled Dog Days.

Dining Hall Blues and Homecooked Hues

By Ethan Rodriguez



Being a college student comes with a lot of struggles, but when you're entering higher education, you don't think food would be an issue. Especially since most colleges provide dining services. When I got into Arcadia University, I was over the moon about having food readily available at the drop of a hat. At home, I had to either cook my own food, or wait for my mom to make something. So the convenience of buffet-styled dining halls sounded so sweet to me. Now that I'm a junior, I have a completely different perspective.

When it comes to the food on campus, a few staple favorites come to mind. There are the Nachos that are sold at the Chat here on campus, but they only come around every so often cause it's a weekly special, and the weekly specials change every week. So you never really know when it'll come back.

Another favorite of mine is the barbecue brisket you can get in the Dining Hall, but those are even harder to catch. They serve it once every couple of months, and sometimes it's not as good as before.

Lastly, I really enjoy the breakfast options at The Chat, but it's only served between 7:30-10:30, and unfortunately I've had the luck of having classes that end at 11am. So, I don't always catch breakfast, but when I do, I recommend the cheesy eggs.

These are just a few options off the top of my head, but in reality, there isn't much to enjoy when you've had the same selection of foods on rotate. This has caused me to miss home a lot, especially my mom's cooking.

I'm a full-blooded Puerto Rican. My father grew up in Puerto Rico and moved to the States when he was 16. My mom, who is also Puerto Rican, grew up in Florida but was raised by two hard-core Hispanic parents. Spanish was their first language, and our love for our culture is unmatched. If there's anything I enjoy about our culture, it's the food, because Latinx people can really throw down.

In my house, we ate things like Pollo Guisado, which is chicken stew over rice. It usually has potatoes, cilantro and sofrito in the broth. We have Pernil con Arroz y Habichuelas, which is roasted pork with rice and beans. Tostones or Maduros are my favorite side dishes, they are both plantains but Tostones are flattened and fried, and tend to have a little garlic on them. While Maduros are softened and are quite sweet. Not to mention we usually pair these dishes with avocado slices on the side. I highly recommend it.

The food at the dining hall or at the Chat doesn't have the kind of soul that the food at home does. It often leaves me feeling unsatisfied and still hungry. It makes me wonder if it would ever be possible for Arcadia to adopt more ethnic food options, but at the same time, would they even know how to execute that properly? Would it have the kind of soul I'm looking for?

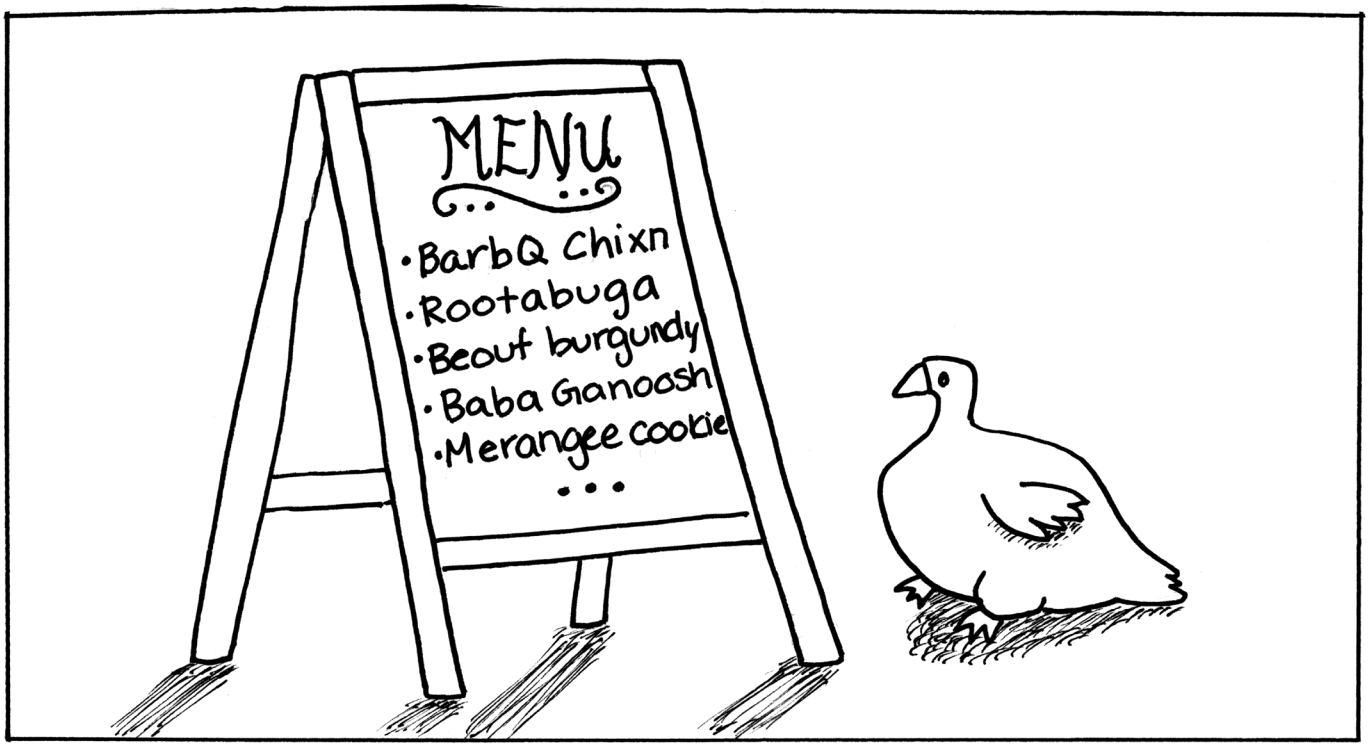
After mentioning this to my mom, she ended up packing me food to take back to school with me. It's now become a tradition of hers to come up with a nice big tupperware full of my favorites. I'd feel the love of my home, the love of my family, and the love of my heritage, all packed together in a plastic container. I sometimes opt for eating that over using a meal-swipe. Wouldn't you do the same?

My love for my culture will always be with me, no matter if I'm at school or at home. And I'm lucky enough to have a mom who is willing to feed me from afar. I hope the other college students out there have someone feeding them as well. Cause in the end, are they really just feeding you? Or are they also feeding your soul?

This article was originally published online in the Fall 2023 issue titled Welcome To Flavortown.

Now That's a Mouthful: 21 Foods We Can't Spell

By Ethan Ginsberg & Jonah Batchelor



We made a list of 21 foods we can't spell. It's not ranked in any particular order, because just like words, numbers are not our thing. We've thrown in some random history and descriptions along with our language criticisms. We also bought a few random items off the list to give a more in-depth opinion. Enjoy!

1. Hors d'oeuvres

Now, naturally, you're going to see a lot of hate for the French language in this article. I mean, I know what this is supposed to say, yet when I read it all I'm seeing is "whore devours," but honestly, that's not too far off because I'd fuck up some hor d'oeuvres.

2.Lopadotemachoselachogaleokranioleipsanodrimhypotrimmatosilphiokarabomelitokatakechymenokichlepikossyphophattoperisteralektryonoptekephalliokigklopeleiolagoiosiraiobaphetraganopterygon

Ah, yes, I never can spell this one quite right. A true classic of Greek cuisine, first mentioned in the classic 391 B.C. play Assemblywomen. We unfortunately could not make this dish, as it calls for rotted shark head, an extinct plant, and some sort of deep-sea mollusk.

3. Barbeque

You would think such a common word wouldn't slip the mind when it comes to spelling, but here we are.

4. Hamantaschen

Judaism has created a lot of iconic and delicious food with Hamantaschen being one of the lesser-known ones. They are triangle-shaped cookies that contain something akin to pie filling in the center. They are named after the villain in the story of Purim, Haman, who plotted to destroy the Jews and who wore a three-pointed hat. The

hamantaschen are made in the shape of Haman's hat so when eaten they symbolically destroy the memory of him.

5. Charcuterie

Ha, cooter. But in all seriousness, charcuterie is absolutely delicious. Probably my favorite food on this list, even if it's one of the worst to spell. Why does it start with 'ch,' why end with 'ie?' Who knows, let's all get mad at the French again.

6. Bologna

The bastardized American word for a type of Italian sausage. Bologna pronounced "baloney" makes zero sense in terms of English spelling which landed it a spot on our list.

7. Tzatziki

Who would you blame for creating something so outrageous yet delicious as a mixture of yogurt, cucumbers, garlic, dill, and sometimes mint? That's right, just like in most other facets of life blame the Greeks. The combination of multiple 'tz; sounds mixed with the 'iki' make this word needlessly complex and looks like someone dropped a big glob of tzatziki onto their paper while writing.

8. Worcestershire Sauce

God, England, what are you doing? Foods don't have to be tongue twisters, but I guess the blokes in Britain didn't get the memo. Although, the sauce itself has about as much nonsense going on as its name. I mean, anchovies and molasses..?

9. Smorgasbord

I hear this word and my mouth waters. The promise of bountiful buffets and plentiful provisions… ah. I can forgive the spelling of this word. It's relatively phonetic anyway, and has a pretty rich history. It was actually introduced to the US during the 1939 New York World's Fair. The Swedes stay winning with their cuisine offerings.

10. Baba Ghanoush

One of the many dips to spawn out of the Mediterranean and Middle East, this is one of the more fun words to say out loud. Before writing this article I always thought that it was one word but my life has been forever altered after learning of the split between baba and ghanoush. It is most certainly an acquired taste or something you grow up eating with it being a mixture of mainly eggplant and olive oil with some lemon juice and tahini thrown in for good measure. Personally not my favorite but it could be yours (probably not though).

"It's what I want eating styrofoam to be like."

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11. Rutabaga

Now, I don't think I have ever actually had to write this word in my life, or even really say it, which probably is how it made it on this list. Also, we bought this one. I picked it up and said "There is absolutely no way the cashier has a clue what this thing is," and lo and behold, we get up to the counter and she picks the thing up and is like "What is this." We told her, but I'm not even sure she believed it was a real thing, as we got a very skeptical eyebrow raise. Also, look at this nasty thing, google it or something. All waxy and ugly. We ate it though. The internet said roast in butter, so we did. Not awful, basically a bitter potato.

12. Absinthe

This Swiss drink is the most polarizing entry on our list having been Illegal in the United States until 2007 due to its apparent hallucinogenic properties. The US government has been regulating it ever since. It's on the list because of the 'e' on the end. Stop trying to be fancy.

13. Prosciutto

Another item we went out and bought to try for this article, Prosciutto is usually my go to meat when creating a charcuterie board however spelling it has always been a nightmare. In my head Prosciutto should not be spelled at all like that, giving me a deep rooted disdain for the word.

14. Beef Bourguignon

Another dish with a bastardized American name. It should be either "boeuf bourguignon" or "beef burgundy" but combining the two is scarily close to a cardinal sin. Glorified beef stew would be an understatement to describe the way the word makes the dish out to be. I propose we change the name for the betterment and advancement of the human race.

15. Foie Gras

The French make an appearance on our list for the fourth time now, with this entry being possibly the most alien one to our American pallets. Foie Gras is a French delicacy and an American deterrent as it is the liver of a duck or a goose that was force-fed until death. Fuck the French.

16. Ceviche

This combination of raw fish and shellfish marinated in citrus combined with onions and chili peppers lands itself a spot on our list for containing multiple misleading sounds. It has a soft "C" making the "S" sound, an "I" sounding like an "E", and since the "I" stole the "E's" identity, "E" moved to the end of the word and decided to starting sounding like an "A".

17. Meringue

These things are weird. I have not consumed anything else with the same texture as a meringue cookie. It's what I want eating styrofoam to be like. It's pretty fantastic on a pie too. Naturally, my first instinct was to criticize the French for this spelling, but apparently it was actually invented in 1720 by a Swiss chef, though this is debated. Everyone wants to take credit for meringues, and I get why, but I just need someone to blame for writing 'ang' as 'ingue.'

18. Aioli

Glorified fancy mayonnaise is next on the list and its letters are also guilty of sound stealing and its currently standing trial for theft and being French. Aioli is the epitome of how adding garlic and oil to anything will make it taste better. Having two "I"s and neither of them making an "I" sound is a recipe for bad spelling.

19. Sriracha

Apparently, there's just like, no more sriracha. A drought wrecked the supply chain, and manufacturing pretty much halted entirely. Definitely one of the worst things to happen in recent history. I mean, you can still get it, but the average price now is $15 a bottle. It's about as hard to spell as it is to get for a decent price, so it makes it on the list.

20. Maraschino

It seems like the creator of this word couldn't choose between "sh" or "ch" and went the worst route. At any rate, the food itself is delicious. We bought some maraschino cherries. Pretty delicious, very sweet and concerningly bright red.

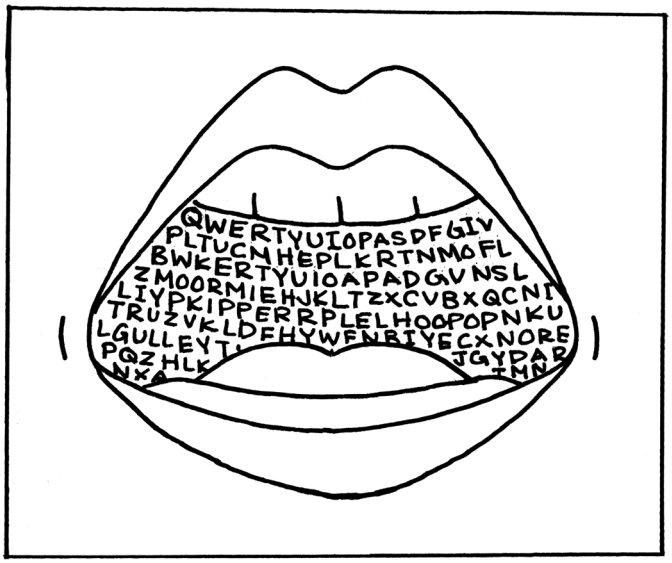
21. Turmeric

Ah, that sneaky little extra 'r' that has claimed so many victims at spelling bees. Naturally though, that 'r' belongs there, if you say the word correctly. This time we blame the Americans and their "toomeric," and turmeric comes out on top. We bought a whole jar to try it for this assignment. I wanted to do it cinnamon-challenge style, but common sense stopped me. The consensus is that straight-up turmeric is not good whatsoever. It kinda just tastes like faint nuttiness and dries the crap out of your tongue.

This article was originally published online as part of the Fall 2023 issue titled Kan't Spell.

Hepl Me

By Anna Stevens



Ever since i was a little kid, ive always had a hard time speaking and writing. not sure why, but i chalk it up to two things - one, my mishapen mouth, and two, my adhd. Rhe combination of my motor mouth with teeth in the way and my hyper speed brain has hence always lead to many mispeakings and funny moments, but also some rather embarassing ones. My typing is a whole other story (dsylexia and too fast fingers can lead to many a mistake) - but for now, let me tell you a few tales of the horrors of my motor mouth.

the earliest memories i have of a mispeak is the word gully. You see, when i was younger my mouth was seriously deformed. i had an overbight, the roof of my mouth was messed up, and most of my teeth were either missing or very crooked. I could not speak for the life of me, so when one day i was in the car and my mom and i were talking, i let a fat one slip. I had been desprately trying to say “gully”, as in the type of property formation at the back of your yard, but i failed misserably. the word that exited my mouth sounded more like “galley”, sending my mother into a laughing fit that lasted easily five minutes. and that folks, is just the start.

besides mispeaking words, i also have the nasty combination of combining words together at random moments and instances. theres really no rhym or reason to this one, it just tends to happen a lot. the most recent one i can remember is when i was playing games with some friends online, it being rather late and all of us rather loopy from exhaustion. we had been playing a horror game on roblox (silly i know), when i noticed something behind one of my friends. Of course i was going to call this out to try and save his life, but what ended up coming out of my mouth was not what i wanted to say. Originally, i had ttried to say “Blaine, behind you!”. however, what came out sounded more like “Bayndyou!”. my stupid mouth had combined every single word in that sentence into one, which ended up having the complete opposite effect of what I wanted it to have. intead of noticing the monster behind him, my friend ended up losing it laughing, all of us laughing along with him, and unfortunately dying to the monster that had been stalking us.

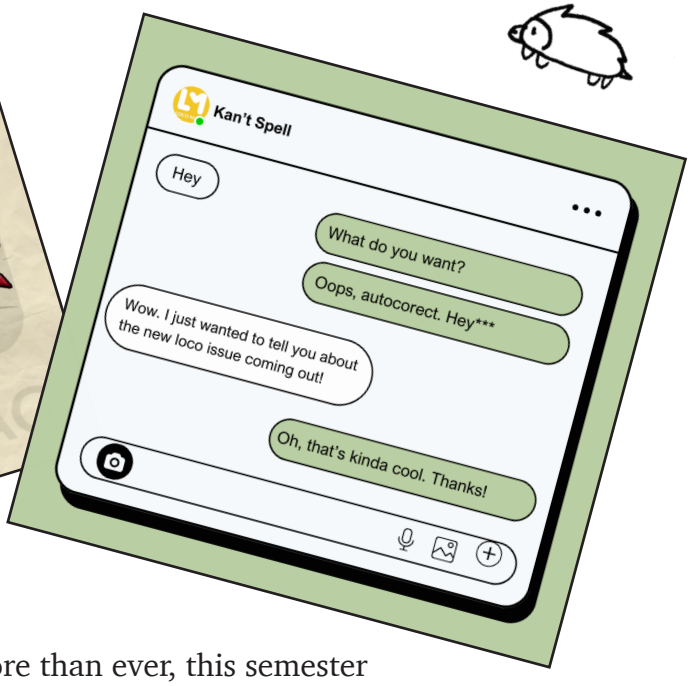
besides being rather embarrassing, i will admit it was funny in its own right. instances like this have happened before, ending up creating words that ive used on daily basises. i think a few of my favorites thus far have been “hoopop” (who popped), “moormie” (move over to me), “kipper” (keep her), and many more. my mispeaking has honestly been a huge part of my life, but one last thing id like to mention is misplelling. because of my adhd, i have a hard time typing or writing. for the article as a jpke, i turned off auto correct just to see how many mistakes i truly make. As you can see, its a lot. I’m honestly a little embarrassed, but that’s okay. It can be abit of a struggle sometimes, but my mispeakings and spellings can honestly make for a lot of fun. I hope youve all had fun reading them as well. Till next time.

This article was originally published online in the Fall 2023 issue titled Kan’t Spell.

Fall 2023: Semester In Review

This semester was jam packed with cool things. Loco had two new editors-in-chief, a ton of new executive staff and staff members. Take a look at all the stuff we did together below:

Fun Fact: this semester we had the largest staff in Loco history, with 17 staff members!


Kan't Spell
Hey
What do you want?
Oops, autocorect. Hey***
Wow. I just wanted to tell you about the new loco issue coming out!
Oh, that's kinda cool. Thanks!

More than ever, this semester saw a lot of staff working hard on epic promotional materials...

Loco hosted its 5th semesterly pizza event at Easton pond on October 9th, selling pizza and mocktails to students and alumni, in addition to giving free cookies to social media followers. Mocktails were available in four flavors: Blue Easton Fizz (blue raspberry), Loco-tini (orange/pineapple), Sublime Apple Sour (green apple), and Scarlet Spritzer (cranberry). The event landed in the campus news, courtesy of one of our EIC alumni Ryan Hiemenz, and was also made into an epic video by staff member Reilly (which can be found on our Instagram.

CAMPUS NEWS

Loco Mag Semesterly Pizza Event Returns to Easton Pond

By Ryan Hiemenz | October 12, 2023

Read the Arcadia news article here

The event also saw the unveiling of Loco Mag mascot Leno (pronounced LEEno) the Loco Mag dino, lovingly crafted by staff member Sydney.

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